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Making the Circle of the Confederacy

The corps mark of the Howard 11th corps at Gettysburg was a crescent; that of Slocum's 12th corps was a star. When the 11th and 12th were combined into the 20th under Hooker for service in the west, the star was retained and became the corps badge

CAPTAIN CALEB BLOOD

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Blood, Caleb.

Making the circle of the confederacy ... [By] Captai Caleb Blood. [Chicago? 1916?]

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FOREWORD.

There are not many of the boys of '61 left. Of those who still march in spirit with Grant and Sherman, few can recall more vivid experiences than our old Gage comrade, Capt. Caleb Blood. To those who know him only in the various capacities in which he served the house since its earliest days in Chicago, will come a new sense of acquaintanceship—as they read this simple story of a soldier's life. Capt. Blood can well be proud of his army record; he served to the end of the war, rose from private to captain and adjutant. He fought at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg.—Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge —and marched with Sherman to the sea.

In the summer of 1913, the writer of this introduction visited Capt. Blood at Wauconda, Ill., and chatted over Civil War memories. In November of the same year, a visit to Gettysburg resulted in views of the field, which later appeared in the Decoration Day Number, May, 1914, of "Among Ourselves." Recalling the conversation of the previous summer, the idea occurred to have Capt. Blood write a story of his service days, to be printed and illustrated and distributed among his Gage friends.

At first Capt. Blood didn't think well of the idea; it appeared to him, as he put it, "like decorating my grave before stepping into it." After a time, however, this natural modesty was overcome, the task was begun, and by January, 1914, the first forty pages were completed. Rapidly failing eyesight, and the ills of old age, including a severe fall in May of last year,

delayed the writing, and it was not till the late spring of 1916 that the story was completed.

In the meantime, a second set of views of the Gettysburg field were taken, especially of that part of the field occupied by the 33rd Massachusetts.

The personal nature of this story will be apparent to each reader. Capt. Blood has written to his friends, and in this connection it will not perhaps be a breach of privacy to quote from a recent letter, in which Capt. Blood said. "My heart leaps for joy that I shall live to see my book in print. The people at Gage's are all loyal souls who have stood by me in many years. I send them my affectionate greetings, and hope the presenting of this story will express in some measure, my gratitude."

CALEB BLOOD, (Signature).

Thanksgiving, 1916. J. H. WEDDELL, Chicago, Ill.

GREETINGS FROM OUR GAGE WAR VETERAN

Taken from the Decoration Day Number, May, 1914, of "Among Ourselves," the Gage house organ.

Capt. Blood Salutes the House.

"By the Right Shift, Forward March! Somewhat Battered, But Still Able to Get There. Give My Gage Friends Memorial Day Greetings!"

With unwonted elasticity in his step, and the old-time fire in his eye, as he must have looked as he led his company past the President's stand in the second day's grand review at Washington May, 1865, after four years of war, Capt. Blood led the way to the sheltered seat near his home to be photographed for "Among Ourselves."

There was mingled pride and sorrow as he told your editor of the fun and enthusiasm of the early days of enlistment, of the grim reality and horror of war as his company first went into action,—of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg—of Lookout Mountain, where, in a murderous night attack, one-third of his regiment was lost—of Sherman's march to the sea—the chase of Johnson's army—occupation of Richmond—and the grand review and mustering out at Washington; four long years, during which Caleb Blood rose by successive commissions from private to captain and adjutant.

He told of Gettysburg, where his company met the advance of the right of Ewell's corps—attacking from the town, and recovered our guns in a hand to hand conflict, holding the cemetery against all comers—of Raccoon Ridge, where, in the famous midnight attack, his regiment shattered, his colonel severely wounded, the adjutant killed—the ridge was held, making possi-

ble Hooker's memorable fight for Lookout Mountain and Grant's ultimate success at Missionary Ridge.

"Only two states in the Union had regimental flags that were not dark blue in color—Massachusetts and South Carolina. Their state flags were both white. No two states were more antagonistic, more absolutely at variance in race, habits and history,—Massachusetts, the center of the Abolitionists; South Carolina, the hot-bed of secession. When we saw a white flag, in the line of the enemy before us, it was war to the death; no quarter—a finish fight. And it was the white flag of South Carolina that confronted us at Raccoon Ridge. It was simply murder."

It was immediately following this fight that Capt. Blood was commissioned adjutant of the 33rd Massachusetts Infantry. Capt. Blood made a complete circuit of the Confederacy—going west after Gettysburg, his corps the 11th being consolidated with the 12th and organized as Hooker's corps (20th); fighting at Chattanooga, marching east with Sherman, appointed with his colonel and Sherman's chief of staff to demand the surrender of Atlanta, and then north, through Richmond to Washington.

"I went home to Boston a happy boy, riding at the head of my regiment; my old schoolmaster watched me out of sight as our regiment turned up to 'Faneuil Hall,' the 'Cradle of Liberty.' We had a banquet, and then the 33rd marched to Boston Commons, where we broke ranks, many of us never to look upon each other again."

After the war Capt. Blood followed his old trade, wholesale millinery, with Webster & Gage in Chicago, traveling Illinois and Wisconsin, and with Gage Brothers & Co. till the fire of '71. After following other channels for a few years, Capt. Blood returned "to his first love"—as he puts it and remained with us 'till 1912. He has now retired after 30 years' service with the house.

To M. Nita Stevens Esq

with kindest remembrance
and best wishes from

Your Comrade,

Caleb P Lovell

CHAPTER I.

"A MILLINERY MAN BECOMES A SOLDIER."

Abraham Lincoln the "Wigwam" Nominee.

In the month of July, 1860, the Republican National Convention met in Chicago at the old Wigwam Building, on the southeast corner of Lake and Market Sts., to nominate a candidate for President, to be voted upon in the following November, 1860.

Long before this meeting was held, the "Chicago Tribune" in its daily issues had perseveringly advocated the name of ABRAHAM LINCOLN as the choice of the American people, a man unswerving in his honesty of purpose, loyal to his duty, and with earnest convictions as to right and wrong. All other liberal minded papers of the North soon caught on to the "Key Note" and heralded the name of "Lincoln" as the standard bearer of the REPUBLICAN PARTY—and the "Chicago Tribune" to this day takes the credit for bringing to the front, the name of LINCOLN. As a result, the delegates appointed from the various states had their minds made up before leaving home as to how they would vote at the coming Convention in Chicago.

When Abraham Lincoln's name was presented at the "Wigwam," he was nominated by acclamation on the first ballot, amid wildest enthusiasm. The news was wired all over the country, and naturally gave the South a "chill."

A little later, the Democratic National Convention met at Charleston, S. C., and nominated Stephen A. Douglas, of Chicago, as its candidate. Early in the fall, before election day, in all parts of the country, Republican organizations were formed, notably the "Lincoln Guards" also called "Wide-a-Wakes," who were uniformed in white with enameled leather capes reaching down to their waists, and with cap of the same unusual material. They paraded the streets almost every night, carrying torches, with bands of music and fireworks.

The Lincoln Guard Formed in Boston.

My home was in Boston these days. In my ward, at Boston Highlands, a "Lincoln Guard" was formed and I was offered the command of the 5th division. I regarded this as quite a compliment, considering my young years—as many of my command were men old enough to be my father. The members of the "Lincoln Guard" were all select merchants and business men, "well up." It was their money that footed the bills.

I was just ripe for this kind of work, with my early training, for at eighteen years of age I had been a member of the Boston Light Guards, 1st Massachusetts Regiment. I just prided myself that the 5th division would excel all others in military maneuvers, marching and soldierly bearing.

Election day came in November, 1860, but it found me in bed sick with rheumatic fever. Carriage after carriage called to take me to the polls to vote, but the doctor forbade my exposing myself. Abraham Lincoln won the election with handsome majorities, and while I was unable to cast my "maiden vote" for him, I was comforted by the thought that my heart had been with him.

Presented with Sword by 5th Div. Lincoln Guard of Boston.

In those days I was employed in the Wholesade Millinery Trade, with Plympton, Stephenson & Co., as traveling salesman for New England. Soon after election, when people had settled down to work, with all election bets paid, I had a surprise party call upon me one morning at the store,—a committee of three,—saying in behalf of the members of my command, the 5th division, they wanted to tender me a banquet with music and also wished to present me either with a sword or a cane, in consideration of my valuable services, and that I should choose which. I thanked them, and my choice was a sword.

The affair came off at the appointed time, to the gratification of all, and was kindly mentioned in the Boston daily newspapers. On the hilt of the sword was engraved this inscription, "Presented to Caleb Blood by the 5th Division, Lincoln

Guards of Boston." A belt and red silk sash completed the outfit.

Inauguration.

On March 4, 1861, James Buchanan, the Democratic incumbent, stepped down and out—and Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States with great pomp and ceremony. There was nothing to mar the occasion, although the South had warned the North that Lincoln would never take his seat. There was an unusual display of the military on that day; among those taking part being the 7th National Guard of New York City, Col. Lefferts commanding; the Massachusetts 1st Regiment of Boston, Col. Cowden commanding, and also state troops from Illinois, Pennsylvania and other states. If any plot had been designed by the "hot heads" of the South, they were frustrated by the unexpected presence of so many troops in Washington at the Inauguration.

Secession—Ft. Sumter.

Long before this eventful day, the leading journals of the South were advocating secession, the right to secede from the Union. Soon after the 4th of March they assumed the aggressive; selecting Montgomery, Alabama, as the capital, and seat of government of the Southern Confederacy, and appointing officers to run it.

President Lincoln, during these sudden movements, sat in his official chair at the White House, apparently calm and unmoved, but only waiting for some overt act to show his authority over the whole United States. That act came on the morning of April 12, 1861, when the Batteries at Fort Moultrie, on the land side of Charleston Harbor, S. C., opened fire upon the Stars and Stripes, floating over our U. S. Fort Sumter, in outer Charleston Harbor, commanded by Maj. Anderson.

That was the signal for the South to arms. Maj. Anderson stubbornly held his post, as the Rebel guns were not heavy enough to demolish the fort. Throughout the North, Maj. Anderson was regarded as the hero of the hour, in holding out

and standing so closely by his guns. However, after a long time, following constant bombardment, Fort Sumter was abandoned.

Call to Arms.

The firing upon our flag at Fort Sumter required quick and prompt action and President Lincoln, by the advice and consent of Congress, immediately issued an order for 75,000—90 days (3 months)—men to report to Washington at once. These men were State Militia and it didn't require much time to be in readiness to move, as all armories held uniforms, muskets and accoutrements in readiness for immediate use. In less than a week's time, some of the state troops were on their way to report to the War Department.

The 6th Mass. in Baltimore.

The 6th Massachusetts Regiment, Col. Jones commanding, from Lowell, Mass., was the first regiment to reach Washington, though they were somewhat delayed at Baltimore, Md. Upon reaching that city, the 6th Massachusetts had to leave the train at the depot and march through the streets to a northern depot, at the other end of the city. The 6th regiment, after detraining, immediately formed regimental line outside the depot before starting on their march. It was here that they faced unexpectedly a murderous fire from a mob, congregated there—shots from the sidewalks, windows and roofs, and various missiles and bricks, also, from the housetops.

Of course, Col. Jones was not looking for this kind of reception and was unprepared, but it didn't take him long to meet the crisis. A quick command, "Fix bayonets, load and fire at will" and the mob scattered, windows were closed, and Col. Jones led his regiment to the other depot without further trouble. Quite a number of the 6th Massachusetts were wounded, and Private Ladd was killed, the first victim of the war.

Capt. Lamson, who later commanded Company F of the 33rd Massachusetts and to whose company I was assigned as 2nd lieutenant by Col. Maggi, was on this occasion a sergeant of the 6th Massachusetts, and was severely injured on the head

and face by bricks, thrown from the housetops. After recovering from his wounds, Capt. Lamson recruited for the 33rd. Col. Jones reached Washington that night, and was met by President Lincoln who shook him by the hand and said, "If your regiment had not arrived here tonight, this city would have been in the hands of the Rebels by morning."

President Lincoln at once ordered that the 6th Massachusetts be kept in the city for patrol duty; and the regiment was kept there throughout the war. Lincoln further directed that Col. Jones be promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, to command the forces in and around the defense of Washington during the war.

"Not Fair-Weather Soldiers."

Immediately after Lincoln ordered the 75,000—90 day men —he issued an order for 300,000 men for three years' service, believing the three months men would tide over, the time required to recruit the three-year men. Nearly all the three-months men re-enlisted for three years, with a very few exceptions. The 1st Massachusetts, with Col. Codwin came home to Boston and was recruited up to the maximum strength, 1,000 men. It then returned to join the Army of the Potomac. When this regiment first responded to the call for 90-day men, a little incident happened which I can't overlook. It was a cold, rainy morning in April, 1861, as I was wending my way to the store of Plympton, Stephenson & Co., taking the Tremont St. mall of Boston Common (a park) to reach it; there to my surprise, I saw my old regiment, Col. Cowden, the 1st Massachusetts, lined up, ready to depart for Washington. I was still more surprised to see my old friend and shopmate, Wm. H. Homans in uniform with his musket in hand. "Hello, Willie," was my greeting to him, adding, "this is not a very nice morning for you to leave home." "A bright, cheerful day would help out," a comrade at Willie's side, also with musket in hand, replied. "We are no fair weather soldiers, and neither sugar nor salt, so the dampness won't affect us." That was a check on me, and at my expense, which I relished.

I Enlist in My Best "Sunday-Go-To-Meeting" Clothes.

In the Spring of 1862, another call was issued for 300,000 men, for three years' service, and my regiment, the 33rd Massachusetts, responded to the call. I couldn't hold back any longer. I heard that Col. Maggi was authorized by Gov. John A. Andrew to recruit a regiment, appoint his own officers, subject to approval of the Governor, and that settled it with me. Would I get a chance? I decided to enlist at once and took a suburban train for Lynnfield, where the 33rd Massachusetts was encamped. It was a bright Monday morning, June 7, 1862, when I appeared on the scene, dressed in my best black Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes with my light Spring overcoat and a stovepipe hat. On this train also came Adjt. Albion W. Tibbetts, Lieut. Baldwin Peabody and Charles B. Walker and some new recruits. Lynnfield was an attractive little village, boasting a church, some stores, and a hotel. The camp stood on high ground, right in the town by the railroad track, the entrance opposite the depot, with a large two-story frame storehouse on the corner near the entrance, which served the purpose of keeping the uniforms and other outfits for the new recruits when they should arrive. Back of the camp was a good sized lake, whose waters skirted the borders of our camp, with many dwellings so near that the women would sit at their open windows and flirt with our boys.

No tents were as yet in sight to sleep in, and no wooden shanties had been built for cooking rations, so the men who arrived during the first two weeks, took their meals and slept at the hotel, all of which was charged up to "Uncle Sam." It wasn't long after, however, when everything was in good running order.

Making Myself Useful.

The first few days after my arrival in camp, dressed in my fineries, I was a marked man. The recruits kept a suspicious eye on me, wondering who I could be, guessing I was a missionary or the would-be chaplain of the regiment, but on the third day I showed them I was not the minister of the 33rd

Regiment, by going to the second floor of the storehouse, throwing aside my civilian clothes and dressing myself in the Army Blue. I adorned my head with the private's cap of blue, with the letters "U. S." in front, over the visor, thus signifying I belonged to "Uncle Sam." Then taking my stovepipe hat and going to a window, I shouted out to the boys, "Hello, there!" upon which I flung it out upon the ground to them. They took the cue all right, and played football till there was nothing left of that hat. That act and the change of dress settled their minds about me and I became solid with them all. I was only a private in the rear rank after all.

Adjt. Tibbetts was the only appointed officer and had charge of the camp until Col. Maggi took up his quarters at the hotel. I was handy with my pen and was selected to act as Sergeant Major and assistant to our Adjutant. It was my duty to line up the new recruits as they arrived, each day, and list their names in full, post office address and the Captain's name they enlisted under, in order to assign them to their respective companies. This duty proved of value to me later on. I familiarized myself with their names at the start, and as the regiment grew I soon knew them all by name. This came in handy when later I became myself the Adjutant of the 33rd. I also made out the consolidated morning report, which was filled out on printed blanks showing the strength by companies of the 33rd, as the regiment increased at Lynnfield. Looking after the recruits in the absence of their officers was another important duty, to prevent any runaways, and on Sundays, I acted as temporary chaplain. I was thus recognized as the "Busy Man," and it brought me to the front, all of which I enjoyed and never tired of.

July found our regiment largely increased in numbers by daily arrival of new recruits, which meant, in a few weeks' time the 33rd Massachusetts would reach its required maximum strength, that is, 98 enlisted men and 3 officers—(Captain and two Lieutenants)—to a company, and ten companies to a regiment. The 33rd was an exception to army regulations and

recruited two extra companies, L and M, as sharpshooters, which made our regiment number over 1,200, not including field and staff officers.

We began to count the days and weeks when the regiment would soon be breaking up camp at Lynnfield and steaming in cars for Washington, the seat of war.

Our boys were comfortably housed in Sibley tents, bell shape, supported by iron tripods in center, the men lying on the ground, their feet towards the tripods, representing a cart-wheel, the men as spokes, and the tripod as the hub. The Sibley will hold eighteen or twenty men usually and five tents are required to a company. Our field and staff were now on the ground, Col. Albert C. Maggi commanding, Lieut. Col. A. B. Underwood, Maj. Bates (not yet reported), Adjt. A. W. Tibbetts, Quartermaster 1st Lieut. Richardson, Surgeon Orin Warren, Asst. Surgeon Brown, Hospital Steward F. B. Shedd—the non-commissioned staff consisted of a Sergeaant Major, assistant to Adjutant, Quartermaster Sergeant and Commissary Sergeant; these last three named are enlisted men, but carry side arms instead of muskets. I might mention here that Charles B. Walker, the appointed Quartermaster Sergeant of the non-commissioned staff, was an old schoolmate of mine in Boston and proved to be my boon companion during the war and after. We both enlisted the same day and neither of us knew the other was on the same train. It was mere chance when we met at Lynnfield on that eventful day, Monday, June 7, 1862. That night we occupied the same room and bed at the hotel. Walker won his way up, like myself, he was ambitious and active; his duties were to clothe the men and look after the rations, while my part was to receive the new recruits each day as they arrived, and instruct them in the manual of arms and drilling.

I must here mention one important fact, the arrival of our chaplain, Mr. Foster, a Methodist preacher; he landed in camp the latter part of July with a gracious smile and a hearty handshake, and we all received him in like manner. Your hum-

CALEB BLOOD
Capt. and Adj.

CHAS. B. WALKER
1st Lieut and Quartermaster

W. E. WEBB
Ass't Surgeon

A. W. TIBBETTS
Major

ELISHA DOANE
Lieut. Col.

J. W. HASTINGS
Surgeon

33rd Mass. Volunteer Infantry—Taken at Washington. (See page 93)

ble servant was especially delighted, realizing his ministerial duties on Sundays were ended.

Chaplain Foster soon won the respect and esteem of both officers and men, and could crack a joke and take one as good as the next.

A Great Surprise; Commissioned as 2nd Lieutenant.

Following the arrival of our chaplain, I have to record an agreeable surprise to me, my promotion to a second Lieutenancy. I received the commission from Gov. Andrew of the state, and signed by him, on the recommendation of Col. Maggi, commanding the 33rd Massachusetts. It was certainly unlooked for, enlisting as a private and expecting to carry a musket instead of a sword off to the war.

My Colonel never intimated to me his purpose until he handed me the document dated July 31, 1862, and remarked that it was a reward of merit for my marked ability in assisting in the organization of the regiment. I was then assigned as 2nd Lieutenant of Company F, Capt. Lamson commanding, who as Sergeant of the famous 6th Massachusetts was severely wounded in Baltimore in 1861. Capt. Lamson was a brave officer, was much respected and a devout Christian and rose to rank of Major in our regiment.

The next day the rank and file of Company F presented me with a handsome revolver, inscribed with my name. The 1st of August brought us hurry-up orders to get in readiness to move on a day's notice. Hustle and bustle were in the air now. Quartermaster Richardson was a very busy man looking after the transportation and wagon trains. He drew an enlisted man from each Company as "drivers" to be placed on "special duty" during their enlistment, also a "wagon master" to be mounted to take charge of the train. Aside from this, company cooks had to be selected, two for each company and a pioneer squad organized, one from each company. These men carry no muskets, part carrying axes and part spades; they are a very important branch of the service, felling trees, building fortifications, making and repairing roads on the march, and also

building comfortable winter quarters, after fighting ceases.

All these "special duty" men mentioned, while they are enlisted men, never carry muskets and consequently never go into action. They always keep a respectful distance in the rear, out of reach of shot and shell, and are termed "non-combatants." The regimental band, drummers, buglers, orderlies and clerks, all come under the head of "non-combatants." One can easily see what a hole they make in the effective fighting force of a regiment. At least, seventy-five men do not bear arms; really they make a good sized company.

On to Washington, August 14, 1862.

In pursuance of special orders received, Col. Maggi was ordered to move his regiment by train August 14th, and report to Army Headquarters at Washington. The weather that day was perfect. Our buglers sounded the call "Strike tents" and the "Sibleys" came down all at once, were carefully folded and packed in the company's wagons. Our boys packed their few belongings into knapsacks, putting three days' rations, a tin plate and cup into haversacks and "40 rounds" into cartridge boxes, broke camp and formed into regimental line, awaiting the special train to take us to the city. Upon reaching the Boston and Maine depot, we were met by an immense crowd, mostly relatives and friends to see us off, who acted as escort, taking the sidewalks, both sides of the street and keeping step to the music of our band. As we passed the State House, our regimental colors "dipped" in honor of Gov. Andrews, who watched us as we passed, the model 33rd regiment, 1,200 strong.

We arrived at the Providence depot to take train for Washington, and another huge throng met us, and the depot was packed to overflowing with an enthusiastic crowd of citizens. Mothers, wives and sweethearts were there and the trying hour had come. Handkerchiefs were freely used; at last a train of twenty passenger cars backed up and everybody for a moment was in silence. Then there were shaking of hands and promises to write, and telling our soldier boys, "don't get too near the bullets." and, "what if you should get ——?" One gallant boy

finished the sentence by using the words of Napoleon, "The bullet is never moulded that will kill me," "you just wait till we get down there, we'll show them how to take Richmond." Finally "All aboard!"\was shouted by the conductor, last kisses and hugs, a scamper for the train and all was over. As the train rolled slowly out, our band struck up that old familiar tune, "To the Girl I Left Behind Me." Such a shout and hurrah as went up, as the train loaded with "the boys," passed out of sight.

We reached Stonington long after dark and the regiment took a Sound Steamer, which landed us at the Jersey side of New York, the next morning. There we waited a long time—impatiently for the makeup of the train that was to carry us to Washington. It was near noon before we got away from Jersy City, reaching Philadelphia in the evening and having to march through the city to another depot. A squad of police awaited our arrival to escort us from one depot to the other, stopping in the meantime at the "Soldier's Rest" so our boys could partake of some refreshments served to all troops passing through that city. It was a custom kept up all through the war, and the place was known as "Cooper Institute," being formerly a large cooper's shop converted into a lunchroom. Our boys certainly enjoyed this abundant layout, to judge from the way they took hold of the big spread, not to mention the attractive appearance of the pretty girl waitresses adorned in red, white and blue. We reached Baltimore the next day and here we had to leave one depot and depart from another, but met with no opposition, as did the 6th on April 19, 1861.

After a much delayed journey, the 33rd arrived at Washington about midnight, August 17th, tired and fatigued from want of proper rest and sleep, but it was all for love of Country. Owing to the lateness of the hour, there was no official around to receive or direct us to any quarters, so our boys made the best of it, some lounging around in the miserable station, lying on the floor, others in seats, some taking to the outside platform and stretching out full length, while still others took advantage of

the Capitol grounds near by, rolled themselves up in their blue army overcoats, and with knapsacks for pillows, slept on the grassy lawn. The early part of the next morning was given up to sight-seeing by both officers and men. Col. Maggi reported his arrival to army headquarters and was instructed to cross the Potomac River to the Virginia side, and go into camp, there to await further instructions.

The President Face to Face.

Our buglers sounded the "Assembly call" and the 33rd wasn't very slow in responding, as they wanted to go into camp, pitch their tents, and get down to "housekeeping" again after their experience of "free rides" by the Government. The regimental line was formed a little before noon and the 33rd started down "Penn Ave.," the band playing stirring music, turned the corner at the Treasury Building and around to the White House. There stood Abraham Lincoln on the portico and reviewed the 33rd as they passed. Our colors dipped as they came into view of the President, our Colonel commanded "Support Arms!" and our officers saluted him with their swords, carrying them at salute till twenty paces past the reviewing stand. As I reached the reviewing point with my section of Company F, I turned my face towards his, saluted him with my sword that bore his name upon it, as presented to me by the Lincoln Guards of Boston. The President acknowledged my salute with his right hand, as he did all the other officers, and it was then I felt a rush of crimson pass over my face, knowing he had seen me, and that I had met him face to face. Such a time brings pride to any young man, and is a glorious memory to this day.

In Virginia, First Camp on Rebel Soil.

We continued our parade march until we reached "Long Bridge," across the Potomac, when our colonel commanded "Rout Step," the band ceased playing and our boys broke their step, as a heavy tread of a large body of troops sometimes sways a bridge. After crossing the river, our attention was attracted by the sight of a lovely residence, lofty and imposing, with its old colonial pillars, white against the green grassy lawns of the

Potomac. We learned it was Arlington, the rebel general Lee's home, but confiscated by our Government, as Lee had proved himself a traitor to his country and its Flag, and to his sworn duty to the U. S. Army. At the breaking out of the rebellion in April, 1861, Lee, who was Colonel of a cavalry regiment of the Regular Army in Texas, deserted his command. Upon Lee's appointment as General in the rebel army, our Government, by action of Congress, converted his home and grounds into a National Cemetery, to be known as "Arlington Heights," where our soldier boys and officers lay buried today.

Continuing our march on the Virginia side, about three miles from Washington, we went into camp in a large open field on the side of the main road. The regiment wasn't very long getting their "Sibleys" pitched, forming company streets at uniform distances with the officers' wall tents at the head of each street, and the Field and Staff officers' tents lined up in the center of the camp, overlooking all. A tented village of twelve hundred inhabitants had sprung up of a sudden, as if by magic. Camp guard was instituted, and "officer of the day" appointed, and everything had the air of real military life. Company cooks got their heads together and decided to give our boys a real house-warming. They rigged up their large iron kettles, cooked bean soup in some, boiled beef in others, also hard-tack (crackers) soaked in water, and fried brown in pork fat, boiled rice with brown sugar as sauce, and made black coffee without cream. This was the bill of fare. We all felt we were the real thing now. While remaining here in camp about a week with little to occupy the time, many of the officers got passes from Col. Maggi for a day's leave of absence, to visit Washington and see the sights. It was not long before our war department discovered that the 33rd Mass. was a large regiment of twelve hundred men, and that they must get busy, upon which orders came for our Colonel to move his command to Alexandria, Va., twelve miles away and half way to Mt. Vernon, and report to Gen. Slough, Military Governor of that city. We were reluctant to leave our comfortable quarters with the pleasant surroundings so near Washington, but a soldier has no "abiding place here,"

using the Bible phrase, so our Bugler again sounded the call "Strike Tents," and our regiment was soon on the way to Alexandria. We were instructed by Gen. Slough that the 33rd would be expected to keep order in the city, to patrol its streets night and day, and keep all saloons closed tight. Many houses had to be closely watched, as Alexandria had become a noted "Sesesh."

Our orders were to be vigilant and watchful, especially at night, the city being a hotbed of rebel sympathizers, as was Baltimore, and our Government was apprehensive that communications were being carried through our lines from the North, keeping the South informed of our intended movements and plans.

Alexandria.

Alexandria is associated with the name of Ellsworth, who was killed there, the first officer to fall in the rebellion, and I believe a digression at this point to tell of this fiery organizer, who was a Chicagoan, will prove interesting to GAGE readers.

Shortly before the war, Elmer Ellsworth, who was an active and promising young lawyer, with a fondness for military life, conceived the idea of forming what would be to Americans, a novel and original military organization. He sailed for Paris and sought the acquaintance of an instructor in French Zouave drill and movements with which he soon familiarized himself. He purchased a Zouave uniform, and started back home for Chicago. The uniform consisted of very loose, baggy trousers worn with yellow leggings, a short Zouave jacket, open, with no buttons, trimmed with braid, and a red Turkish Fez—worn on the back part of the head. A sword, instead of a bayonet, was attached to the musket, for close hand to hand struggle. The officers' uniforms were the same as authorized in U. S. Army regulations, namely, dark blue with regulation cap.

Ellsworth and His Fire Zouaves.

Capt. Ellsworth formed an organization known as the Ellsworth Zouaves, and took his command East, making a tour among the principal cities, stopping at New York and Boston, and creating a great sensation.

The war broke out in April, 1861, and Capt. Ellsworth left Chicago for New York City. He offered his services to the

government, and raised a regiment of firemen, strong and hardy men of endurance, uniformed them after the Zouave style, and called them the "Ellsworth Fire Zouaves." The regiment was mustered into service, and great things were looked for from them. At this time the auhorities in Washington saw the need of using force in Alexandria, Va., and Col. Ellsworth, who had just arrived with his command, was ordered to that city. He sailed down the Potomac, landed at King Street pier, immediately formed his regiment of Fire Zouaves, and started up the street. They had gone a bare six blocks when Col. Ellsworth saw a rebel flag floating in the breeze at the top of a hotel, named "Marshall House." He halted his command, took with him a Sergeant by the name of Brownell and a Corporal, and ascended the half dozen steps leading into the hotel. He found the stairway leading to the second floor and dining rooms and started up. Upon reaching the half landing he met the proprietor, Mr. Marshall, and demanded, "Who put that Rebel flag on top of the house?" Marshall replied, "I did, and it's going to stay there." Ellsworth continued up the stairs to the second floor, and then another flight to reach the roof. The flag was hauled down, and the three descended. Col. Ellsworth, reaching the half landing again with the rebel flag on his arm, and again faced the enraged Marshall. There was a flash, Ellsworth dropped dead. Marshall paid with his life, at the hands of Sergeant Brownell. Little remains to be said. The regiment was truly a "one-man" organization. It soon became restive, got beyond control, and was finally disbanded in disgrace. Brownell was made a Major in the regular army. The "Chicago Ellsworth Zouaves" still maintain their organization and were at one time commanded by Major Brand, Wabash Avenue photographer. Wm. W. Wells, at one time a salesman at GAGE BROTHERS & COMPANY, was a Lieutenant of this regiment. Every Decoration Day the Zouaves paraded on Michigan Avenue, going through their fancy movements and drill before an admiring crowd.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE THICK OF IT.

The Peninsular Campaign Over.

In the Spring of 1862, Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, commanding the Army of the Potomac, succeeded by forced marches and hard fighting in getting within striking distance of Richmond, Va., the Captial of the so-called "Southern Confederacy." He brought spades to the front, and intrenched himself so strongly that the "Rebs" thought McClellan had come to stay. The seven days' continuous fighting near Richmond, the battle of the Chickahominy, Malvern Hill, Frayser's Farm, and other severe engagements, are monuments to the ferocity of his attack. McClellan had the faculty of winning his men, who were loyal to him, and would follow him gladly even unto death; he was the most popular commander to the "rank and file" the grand army ever had during the war. Yet with all his personal ability, and with a large army at his disposal, he failed to take the coveted city of Richmond. The Washington authorities, despairing of good results from McClellan's Peninsular campaign, ordered him to withdraw his splendid army, part overland, and the balance by transport, to the defenses of Washington. About this time, in August, 1862, Gen. Lee, commanding the "Army of Virginia" (rebel), also started northward with his cavalry and Gen. Longstreet's corps in advance.

I Meet Many Old Friends of the First Massachusetts.

It was about August 30, and as it happened, my day on duty, in charge of Provost Guard of Alexandria, that McClellan's army, coming by transport, landed at the pier at the foot of King Street. It was an exciting day to me, for while I was standing in front of Marshall House looking for trouble, McClellan rode up, dismounted, and entered the telegraph office on the opposite corner, presumably to wire the Secretary of War at Washington for instructions. He sent for and instructed me to furnish him a guard at the entrance, and to keep lookers-on away from the office windows. Complying with his orders, I resumed

my old position again on the opposite corner of King Street. As I stood there and watched McClellan's army pass along, weather beaten soldiers, veterans of many hard fought battles, their bronze, hard lined faces, their tattered flags, and yet their elastic step, I seemed to shake with emotion. Presently I saw Col. Robt. Cowdin, I knew him instantly, mounted on his horse at the head of his regiment, the First Massachusetts of Boston, and as they marched along I saw many old faces that I recognized. To my great surprise I caught sight of my old pal and shop-mate, Willie Homans. "Hello, Willie!" "Hello, Caleb!" We hastily shook hands. "Keep up your courage," and he tramped on out of sight. This regiment enlisted in April, 1861, at the first call for troops, and was engaged and lost heavily in the first real battle of the war, "Bull Run," July, 1861. Gov. Andrew wired Washingon, "Ship the Massachusetts dead to Boston at our expense." That action truly showed the spirit and sentiment at home.

Several days after the passing of McClellan's Army, Col. Maggi ordered me to take charge of some fifty men detailed from our regiment and report to Superintendent of the Alexandria R. R. Co. I marched my men to the depot, and was informed by the manager of the road to hold myself in readiness at any moment to take charge of a train that was being sent to Bristow station to secure medical stores, left there hastily by our army upon hearing of the approach of Lee's forces. I kept my men well in hand until long after the noon hour, when I inquired, "How about that train going out?" The superintendent answered, "No cars will leave these yards now. We'll not take the risks." That change of front probably saved our lives, as we would have rode right into an entire rebel army camp.

About midnight that day, a long roll call was unexpectedly sounded in camp by our drummers. This was the signal given at the near approach of an enemy. We were awakened from sound slumber and quickly responded, forming regimental lines of battle ready for action. Afterwards we learned it was just a "scare" by our Colonel to see how quick the 33rd could get into line if attacked.

The Thirty-third Still at Alexandria.

Gen. McClellan, upon arriving at Washington, was removed from command of the army by the War Department, and one Gen. John Pope, who had performed such wonderful success in West Virginia (in his own mind), was given command. This was just on the eve of the battle at "Manassas," commonly known as Second Bull Run (a little stream), which was fought on that memorable field about September 2, 1862, and which lasted several days. In this connection, I am reminded that President Lincoln once said, "it was not policy to swap horses while crossing a stream." Pope's command of the army lasted just twenty days, and the command reverted back to McClellan.

Lee, instead of falling back after the second Bull Run, continued his advance, and invaded Maryland, finally meeting McClellan at death grips in the desperate battle known as "Antietam," September 17, in which neither side gained any particular advantage.

Had Gen. Burnside, who commanded the "Center," followed out orders to cross the Antietam bridge at the same time that Gen. Hooker attacked Lee's "Left Wing," the result would have been different, as Hooker turned Lee's left and doubled it up. In this engagement, Hooker was severely wounded and Gen. Mansfield killed. As our regiment was not engaged in either battle, I am unable to give any details. The 33rd Massachusetts was still guarding Alexandria, Va., and holding the rebel element down. After the Antietam fight, Lee and his army turned their faces Southward to fall back upon their stronghold, the Rappahannock, at Fredericksburg Heights. McClellan's army followed, and crossing the Potomac river to the Virginia side, went into camp to reorganize, to get necessary supplies, and to generally equip itself for the next campaign.

Things Slow at Alexandria.

At Alexandria matters were very quiet, the 33rd following out the line of duty required of them, apparently to the satisfaction of headquarters. But this kind of warfare was not what we enlisted for. Promotions were slow, and it was not carrying

out the contract, "A popular trip to Richmond and $13.00 a month," which Uncle Sam so extensively advertised. Our Colonel was exerting all his efforts to get into the firing zone, he being troubled with what we called "Star on the Brain." He wanted to lead this regiment into a fight and immortalize our name even at the sacrifice of half of us, if need be, and thus win a "Star for his Shoulder Straps," and command thenceforth a Brigade. Our boys were of the same frame of mind; we wanted to see what real war was and we wanted a change. Gen. Slough had used all his official influence in Washington to retain our regiment, as we appeared to have "filled the bill." A strong attachment had sprung up between us, but we felt a parting of the ways must come soon.

Off to "Fight Mit Sigel."

At last, on October 18, 1862. good-bye was said to Gen. Slough with many real rgerets from both sides, and the 33rd tramped off on orders to join the Eleventh Corps, commanded by Gen. Franz Sigel. Capt. Wyman, commanding Company A, who had acted in capacity of Provost Marshall of the city since our advent at Alexandria, was left behind, Gen. Slough having him permanently detailed for that position. Two companies, "L" and "M" of our regiment, were also left behind by orders from the War Department, as Army Regulations did not provide, in those days, for more than ten companies to a regiment of Infantry. Companies "L" and "M" were after a while ordered to take transports, destined for "Ship Island" in the "Gulf Department," and report to Maj. Gen. B. F. Butler, with headquarters at New Orleans. We broke camp and struck out in search of the Eleventh Corps. As our boys tramped along the road, to enliven the march we sang, "We're going to fight mit Sigel and the Bully Lager Beer." Upon reaching Chantilly, a small town of possibly a dozen houses, and scattered at that, we remained several days awaiting the next move. Off again, at last, and the next important stop was Stafford Court House, where we found the roads lined with Teuton faces, watching to see what a Yankee regiment looked like. Gen. Sigel and his full

staff, dressed in their best, with a great show of pomp and glitter, received us, and the 33rd, with its popular band, playing stirring music, marched by at "Support Arms," spreading ourselves as "Boston's Crack Regiment."

Organized as Second Brigade, Second Division, Eleventh Corps.

We went into camp on a high rise of ground, making our quarters as attractive as possible. It was not long before a new brigade, as part of the Eleventh Corps, was organized, consisting of the 55th Ohio, Col. Gamble commanding; the 73rd Ohio, Col. Smith; the 136th New York, Col. Wood, and the 33rd Massachusetts, Col. Maggi, making four regiments in all, under Col. Orlando Smith, of the 73rd Ohio, who acted as Brigadier General. The Eleventh Corps was composed mostly of German regiments and officers who had seen service in their Fatherland. About 30,000 of the Eleventh Corps were Germans. Nearly every soldier we met was a German, making the air round about there rather Dutchy, which reminded me of that good old sauerkraut on "free lunch" counters. Gen. Sigel as an officer was highly regarded, being an old soldier who had fought in many battles in Germany. He won fame at the breaking out of our Civil War, while in command of some western troops in Missouri, when he covered the retreat of an army in an orderly and soldierly manner without losing a man. The Washington authorities looked upon Gen. Sigel with much favor, and had faith in him as a successful leader, but at this stage of the war, when the Potomac army was meeting with so many reverses, we needed Generals who could win battles rather than those who could cover retreats. Gen. Sigel, however, had the respect of his entire command, and we all liked him both as a soldier and true patriot. There had been great rivalry among the division commanders of the Eleventh Corps to see who would incorporate the New Yankee Brigade, but it was soon settled when Gen. Sigel ordered Col. Smith to report with his brigade to Gen. Von Stein, who was commanding the second division, Eleventh army corps. Our brigade was then recognized as the Second Brigade, second division, Eleventh army corps.

Fredericksburg—Stuck in the Mud.

It was "On to Richmond" only to fall back each succeeding year of 1861, 1862 and 1863, with no decisive battles for the Union army and none for the Confederate army. Our government at Washington was much perplexed to find a leader equal to the task, now that McDowell, McClellan and Pope had been retired. This was the state of affairs when the Army of the Potomac followed Lee's army on their retreat back into Virginia and went into camp south of the Potomac River.

After some delay the command was tendered Gen. Burnside, who accepted the offer but with reluctance, for fear he might not achieve good results and go the way of his predecessors. The war department had mapped out a plan of campaign for Burnside, the objective point being Fredericksburg and Lee's army. These matters being settled upon, Burnside had to act quickly to accomplish anything before the winter months set in. It was therefore not very long before we heard the guns at Fredericksburg warning us all of the coming campaign. The 33rd was then on the qui vive to see the real war they had been looking for so long. The Eleventh Corps having received marching orders, we were not slow in getting ready, our boys filling their cartridge boxes with 60 rounds, and haversacks with rations, waiting for the command "Forward!" With Gen. Sigel and staff heading the columns, the Eleventh Corps pulled out on the road, the first division in lead, commanded by Gen. Carl Schurz, the second division following and the third division last. The next day the second division led, and the first division led next, and so on in rotation each succeeding day.

Our march was uneventful except for cold rains and muddy roads. But this was enough. The day our corps reached Dumfries late at night, we were a pitiful sight, all drenched with the heavy downpour, hungry and no place to camp or rest. The 33rd took it all good naturedly, standing around in bunches, cracking jokes, and singing war songs, until break of dawn next day, when our corps resumed the tiresome march. After four or five days of this experience, the Eleventh Corps reached the Rappahannock, but at the eleventh hour, as the battle of Fred-

ericksburg was over, and the corps was held in reserve on the north banks of the river, facing the city, which gave us all a good view of the scene of strife and desolation. Burnside's army had crossed the Rappahannock about Oct. 2, 1862, by the aid of pontoons. Gen. Burnside believed the Confederate army had not yet concentrated at Fredericksburg, and his delay had presented a surprise of his enemy. Marye's Heights, at back of and overlooking the city, was a natural defense, and it was soon made impregnable. It was during the storming of this strongly fortified position that Burnside's army seemed to melt away. Burnside had to retreat and we crossed the river at night under cover of darkness. This signal failure was called by the men of his army "Burnside's Slaughter Pen." Gen. Burnside then planned a second movement across the river to attack Lee, despite the opposition of his Generals, thinking doubtless that the 35,000 fresh troops of our Eleventh Corps just arrived, would fill up the gaps caused by his terrific loss of men. This attack, however, was stopped by order of President Lincoln. Therefore the army stayed, unable to move back to its old stamping grounds near the Potomac, owing to the bad condition of the roads. The soil of the north half of Virginia is a reddish clay substance, and heavy rains make roads almost impassable, so much so that troops, artillery or wagon trains can scarcely move. This heavy, sticky mud reminded me of LePage's glue, and it was no uncommon sight on our marches to see our boys step out of their shoes into the deep mud and pull their shoes out by their hands. This gave rise to the saying, "Burnside's stuck in the mud at Fredericksburg."

Winter Quarters at Camp Stump—Thanksgiving.

The army was now acting on the defense on the north banks of the Rappahannock, and picketing the river. Our pickets seemed to enjoy this sport and got on quite friendly terms with "Johnny Reb" on the opposite bank. We could easily cross in some places on stepping stones, without wetting our feet. The "Johnnies" would often meet us in the middle of the stream and exchange their tobacco for coffee. I can recall many instances

when the rebel pickets crossed over and gave themselves up as prisoners. At one of these friendly interviews a "Johnny" shouted out to our pickets, "You Yanks will never get Richmond; you'll have to pass between 'two Hills,' and through 'Longstreet' and climb over a 'Stonewall' before you ever get there." The Hills, Longstreet and Stonewall were well-known fighting commanders in the Confederate army.

Finally, as the roads improved, Burnside turned his face with his defeated army towards the defenses of Washington, and each corps returned to its former camp; the Eleventh Corps in and around Fairfax Court House, the 33rd Massachusetts going into camp alongside of the Alexandria road, midway between Fairfax and Acquie Creek, the latter being a steamer landing on the Potomac.

The country was densely forested, with many large oaks, and smaller trees, with underbrush. We laid out a permanent camp for winter quarters. Our pioneers felled the huge oaks, leaving the stumps, smoothed off at the top. We soon had company streets and a "Broadway" the entire length of camp, from the road to Col. Maggi's headquarters. As many of these large trees were a foot and half to two feet in diameter, near the ground, these large stumps served as seats, and our camp was named with all due reverence "Camp Stump."

After our regiment had completed its huts for the winter, we were reminded that Thanksgiving was near at hand, to which our boys had been looking forward, it being their first field celebration. Our Quartermaster furnished two wagons, drawn by four mules, each of which were sent to Acquie Creek to procure whatever might be found there labeled 33rd Massachusetts. Well it was a sight to behold. Boxes of all sizes and shapes. Boston, Lowell and near by towns had contributed handsomely, mostly eatables. Home-made mince pies, English plum puddings, now and then a turkey, apples, oranges and other fruits, and to cap all, condensed can-milk, with white loaf sugar, to remind our boys how coffee used to taste at home; a letter here and there from some sweetheart or mother; some pocket Testaments, some home-knit socks, and numerous other articles, reminding us all

of home, the family circle and the good old times, and many a tear dropped silently and unnoticed as we realized we were not forgotten.

As the winter months wore on, our Colonel seemed ill and kept to his quarters. An old wound had re-opened which Col. Maggi received while in command of the 21st Massachusetts in North Carolina, under Gen. Butler; and upon advice from our surgeon he forwarded his resignation to Gov. Andrews, which was accepted. The announcement of Col. Maggi's retiring from command of the 33rd and from service caused a sensation among us all. We admired him, not only as a brave soldier, but socially as a friend and companion. Before the Civil War he was a professor of languages in Boston and had fought under Garibaldi in Italy. I felt the loss personally, as it was this man who had picked me out from among the rank and file of our regiment and boosted me from a private to a commissioned officer, before we left Camp Lynnfield. He saw something in me he liked, and remarked to others that Mr. Blood would come home a Captain if he survived the war.

I Am Made First Lieutenant and Acting Captain.

The command of the 33rd then devolved upon Lieutenant Colonel Underwood, who was commissioned full Colonel by the Governor. Soon after this incident, March 29, 1863, I was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant to fill a vacancy in Company C, and following this, when Capt. Rand, commanding Company C, left the 33rd to report at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, as recruiting officer; this change placed me in actual command of Company C, Capt. Rand never reporting back to his regiment.

Following the Fredericksburg disaster, "Fighting Joe Hooker" from Massachusetts was fixed upon and named as successor to Gen. Burnside, and given command of the Army of the Potomac. Every soldier in the army knew Hooker as a brave and tried officer, who was always at the front, and in the thickest of the fight. In his old corps he had commanded many Massachusetts regiments, really the flower of Massachusetts, but it doesn't follow that good corps commanders are always compe-

tent to manage a large army. As the winter months wore away, we began to look for action. Gen. Hooker had not been idle. He had reorganized his army and had made several changes, Gen. Sickles being appointed his Chief of Staff and Maj. Gen. Oliver O. Howard succeeded Gen. Sigel to the command of the Eleventh Corps.

President Lincoln Visits the Army—The Great Review.

The latter part of April there came a very pleasant surprise. President Lincoln, with several of his Cabinet officers, paid us a visit, landing at Acquie Creek, and became the guests of Gen. Hooker at his headquarters near Falmuth. We were the recipients of a "special order" from Hooker, requesting Col. Underwood to allow the 33rd Massachusetts band to report to him for a week's stay during Lincoln's visit. The fact that our band was chosen from among the many other bands of the army for this occasion, was considered a great compliment, from the Colonel down to the last man of the rear rank of the 33rd. In the meantime a review of the Army of the Potomac was decided upon and a General Order issued in accordance fixing the date.

It turned out an ideal day, the sun shone brightly, the boys were dressed in their best, and all of us seemed to take in the occasion with spirit. A large open field was selected, and each corps took its place, forming "close column by division in Massachusetts." The signal was given, by the firing of a cannon, and the review started. The 33rd pulled out in its turn, company distance being taken and Captains in command marching in front of their companies, our band leading off, playing "Hail to the Chief" in honor of our President. As the regiment marched past him, with "support arms" and officers saluting, my turn came and I again felt the quickening of my pulse as I saluted him the second time, with that sword of mine bearing his name. One can never forget such an event of over fifty years ago, even at my old age, and with nearly all the old friends lying under the sod.

On to Chancellorsville.

Immediately following this memorable occasion, an order

was issued to prepare for the spring campaign of 1863, with eight days' rations in haversacks, cartridge boxes full, knapsacks filled, and shelter tents with woolen and rubber blankets strapped on top, making each man a baggage wagon for himself. Hooker was at Falmuth, while Lee was still strongly fortified at Fredericksburg, and as the banks of the river on the opposite side of the city were high, Hooker had planned to cross the river on pontoons further up, dividing his army into two wings, his left wing with Heintzelman's, Sumner's and Franklin's corps, a little to the west of Fredericksburg, with the right wing, the balance of the army, at Chancellorsville.

On May 1, 1863, the Potomac army commenced its forward movement. The 33rd left "Camp Stump" leaving sufficient men behind to guard the quarters, with the quartermaster and all the commissary stores. The weather was fine and our army with its new commander started on another adventure with high hopes of winning this time.

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The Eleventh Corps under their new leader, Gen. Howard, took a separate route from the other corps to New Hope Church and Kelley's Ford across the Rappahannock, it being our objective to center at Chancellorsville. We reached the "Plank Road" running nearly parallel to the river and leading to Chancellorsville and Fredericksburg without much delay and went into camp late in the afternoon. In the forenoon of the second day, much to our surprise, the pay-master made our regiment a professional call, and paid us for four months' services up to May 1. This had the effect of brightening and cheering our boys up before going into battle. The forenoon of the third day was spent in idleness awaiting developments, when late in the afternoon we noticed off to the southwest a signal corps high up in the air, waving their flags in a frantic manner. Of course no one could read the signals, whether they forebode good or bad tidings, but concluded the enemy must be moving somewhere near us. The lay of the land is very peculiar from the Rappahannock to the Plank Road and from Kelley's Ford. There appears to be a continuous growth of trees of all sizes with undergrowth and thickets, with occasionally little clearings, almost

impossible for man or beast to edge through, and once in the forest, unable to find his way out. This peculiar growth gave rise to the name of "Wilderness."

Soon after the Signal Corps had disappeared from sight, our regiment had hurried orders to "Fall in," leaving knapsacks behind under guard, and not knowing where we were destined for. Two companies, Captain Rider's, and Capt. Blasland's, were left behind to picket along the road to the west and across the Plank Road. Our Colonel was furnished with a guide, and after marching east on the Plank Road about a half mile, opposite the Tavern, which was Hooker's headquarters, the 33rd Massachusetts turned off into another tangled forest, and traveled in a zigzag way until we reached an opening, just in time to help round up an entire brigade of rebel prisoners as they came over the hills. Gen. Howard was there superintending the good work. He rode up to Col. Underwood and with their field glasses, the two officers witnessed the finishing touches. It was now becoming dark, and our regiment remained where it was until a guide came to our rescue and helped us out of our tangle. In other words, the 33rd Massachusetts was actually lost in the woods. It was late at night when we again passed the Tavern and started down the Plank Road for Camp, but we never reached there.

While all this was taking place, unknown to us, Stonewall Jackson had cut a road through the woods, about where we witnessed the Signal Corps flying their kites, and struck the Plank Road to the west, and near our camp, where we had left our knapsacks under guard. Suddenly a rattle of musketry poured in from all sides, our regiment was stunned at the sudden attack, and was ordered to form second line of battle behind the first regiment line as support. We were across the Plank Road and facing westward. This road had to be held at any cost, as it insured us a crossing of the river when needed. Our regiment being in second line, we were unable to exchange shots with our foe, having to fire over the heads of the First Massachusetts. And I afterwards learned that right there in this "first line" was my old time friend, Willie, whom I last saw in Alexandria

in McClellan's army when they passed through enroute for Second Bull Run.

All the 33rd could do at this time was to lay down and hug Mother Earth, while the bullets whizzed in the air to beat the band, and to be in readiness to support the front line in case of a charge by the enemy. It was past midnight, but our boys took it as composedly as possible. Gradually the firing became weaker and fainter towards break of day.

Jackson's Flank March—The Rout.

When the firing ceased, soon after sunrise, the 33rd was ordered to change its position, and taking another road, running at right angles, we turned north towards the Rappahannock and there halted much to our relief. Our Colonel informed the regiment to prepare a hasty breakfast, not knowing how soon the 33rd would again be called upon. Having eaten something and made coffee, a hurried "Fall in" was sounded. I had just given one of my men a fifty cent scrip for a dipper of coffee, which he had just made for me, but as my company was running to catch up to its regiment, I dashed the coffee to the ground, it being too hot, and no time to drink it, and ran for it myself. Having again reached the Plank Road, we expected to be on the firing line; but nothing was doing, and we halted and waited for orders, there being no enemy in sight, as Stonewall Jackson's Corps had retired some time in the night. Jackson was killed on that Plank Road in the night attack; rebel Gen. Longstreet claimed he was shot by his own men while venturing out in front of his lines. Col. Cowdin, commanding First Massachusetts, claims it was the bullets from his regiment that took Jackson's life. Be that as it may, the Confederate army lost a worthy and brave general, a praying and righteous soldier, believing his cause was a just one. Our army feared Stonewall Jackson more than any other of the Confederate fighting generals.

No blame can be attached to Gen. Howard for the bad behavior of the Eleventh Corps under this sudden attack, for Jackson having cut a road through those woods, came upon the Union forces suddenly and without warning, and thus turned

the extreme right flank and caused a panic in the Eleventh Corps, and they broke and ran like a herd of sheep. It was really a "Skeedaddle," and while all this was happening, Howard was with our regiment, planning for the complete capture of the prisoners that were falling into our hands. Gen. Sickles, chief of staff, was on hand in this sudden attack, and hurried up Hooker's old corps to the rescue; this staggered Jackson, and prevented a stampede of our entire army. Gen. Hooker's plan of attack upon Lee's army was regarded as wise and good, but he was unlucky.

Gen. Grant, a year after, May 1, 1864, fought on this same ground, it being known as the battle of the "Wilderness," and he was unquestionably whipped, but with that bull-dog tenacity of his, pushed right on, his objective point being Richmond.

After that hurried call to the Plank Road, and after having partaken of a hasty breakfast, we remained there several hours, after which we fell into line with our corps, and started for the "U. S. Ford," where the Eleventh Corps crossed the river on pontoons. This movement solved the question for us. It was only a drawn battle, and the 33rd was heading towards their old quarters, "Camp Stump."

Hooker's army having returned to its former encampments, the army was kept alive by company and regimental drills, guard mounts, dress parades and picketing, keeping in touch with the enemy, and awaiting developments while still at Camp Stump. In the latter part of May, '63, my turn came to take charge of our picket line with my company "C." After being up all night on duty, I was relieved the next morning by another detail. I started to return to camp, a mile off, and met a photographer with a small tent who was taking pictures. I thought it rather unusual and out of place, for a citzen to be allowed within "our lines," with the opportunity to get information, which, if he were a spy, he could carry to our enemy. But I waived my fears by allowing him to take my picture just as I appeared "coming off picket," in my rough fighting rig. So seated on a cracker box, out in the open field, my picture was taken, and I sent it home to my family, little thinking it would be preserved all these years and made use of (see illustration page 39).

Photographs taken on the field by J. H. Weddell

1—Rocky summit of Little Round Top, Big Top in the distance. (See page 48).

2—Capt. Blood (taken between the lines on picket duty) 1863 (See page 38).

3—The monument in Gettysburg National Cemetery, which Lincoln dedicated (delivering the famous speech ending, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.") (See page 48).

4—Gen. Warren's statue on Little Round Top, overlooking Devil's Den.

5—Where Pickett's charge broke through (looking along stone breastworks still standing). (See page 48).

6—Same spot, looking across the plain to the woods where Pickett formed and led out his Virginians to the charge.

7—Col. Strong Vincent, killed at Round Top, brother of Bishop Vincent of Chautauqua fame.

8—Just inside the Union breastworks, where Pickett crossed. Stone at left marks the spot where the Confederate Gen. Armistead fell. Cushing's artillery behind. Cushing fell ramming the last shot home at point blank range. Statue of Mead in the distance. (See page 49).

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Back at Camp Stump—Marching Under Secret Orders.

Late one afternoon in the fore part of June, '63, after the 33rd had gone through its dress parade and had supper, a sealed order was handed Col. Underwood to march at once. As it was after dark, a guide accompanied our Colonel and we started on our mission, not knowing where, leaving our tents standing and a guard. Soon the rain began to fall and the roads became soft and sticky. We marched and marched all night and all the next day, stopping only for lunches, until we reached "Beverly Ford" on the Rappahannock. We afterwards learned that we covered a stretch of forty-two miles in twenty-six hours, little over a day, and walking was not very good either. It was a forced march, which had to be made without sleep. We ran into a cavalry fight, in which the 33rd Massachusetts was the only infantry regiment engaged, Gen. Ames having made a special request of Gen. Hooker to allow the 33rd Massachusetts to report to him as a support to his artillery, which were in position on the high banks of the north side of the river. The fight started just after break of day and gave our regiment an opportunity to witness what we afterwards learned was the biggest cavalary fight of the war. Our "playing soldier" didn't last so very long, long enough, however, to see some of our cavalry men get knocked from their horses, wounded and bleeding, wade the river and climb up the banks to where we stood. Soon orders came for the 33rd to cross the river and get into action. Our Colonel directed that Mr. Blood, (it being his way of addressing his lieutenants, as Mr.) take his company and cross the Rappahannock and deploy them as skirmishers.

Beverly Ford.

"At your service," says I, saluting him. We started down the steep banks, the regiment following, and in crossing found the river waist deep, and the current very strong, solid shot from the enemy's guns kept flying over our heads, but with half of our bodies under water, however, their aim was wild and their shots landed in the high bluffs above us. Those were trying

moments. One could only push his legs along in the deep water, instead of lifting his feet. That was very slow navigating and our boys had to hold their cartridge boxes up under their arms to prevent them from getting wet. It was all for love of country, certainly not for $13.00 a month.

After reaching the opposite side with my command we doubled-quick up the road for about a mile, when, finding a rise of ground in the open, my company deployed as skirmishers, and flung themselves at full length, the rise of ground affording protection to their heads. We commenced loading and firing at will, upon the "Johnnies" lined up in the belt of the woods. In the meantime the balance of our regiment, under command of our Colonel, crossed and followed up to supporting distance, forming a hollow square in the event of the enemy's cavalry making a charge on us. Presently I saw a new recruit come up on the firing line with musket in hand and take position along side of my companny, he caught on how to "load and fire at will"; but whom do you suppose it was! none other than our Chaplain, Mr. Foster, of the 33rd. A braver man never lived. He was shortly after appointed Captain in a Massachusetts colored regiment, of which all officers were white, and was later killed in battle in North Carolina. We kept up our good work until nearly dark, without the loss of a man. My regiment started for the "Ford" to recross and I held my company back until they were all over and up on its banks again, when I moved my command slowly down the road to the river's edge, recrossed and climbed the steep banks, wet to the skin.

A log hut was near by and my company took advantage of it by building a wood fire in the large open fireplace. There we warmed ourselves, while I laid myself down on the hard floor, right in front, and let the fire do the rest. The next morning the 33rd started on its home trip, we all supposed, but after several days' marching we were suspicious the 33rd would never see Camp Stump again, as we were bearing off more and more to the northwest. We were right, so it was good-bye to our

old winter quarters, and no rest in sight. Truly, a soldier knows not what an hour may bring forth.

Thoroughfare Gap.

We knew that something was up. About the third day our regiment reached the vicinity of "Thoroughfare Gap," Virginia, where the mountains break off abruptly and leave a passageway through into the Shenandoah Valley. There we halted late in the afternoon and bivouaced for the night, near a village, I think, called Germantown, and here just before dark, Col. Underwood ordered me to take my company and picket the "Gap" for the night to prevent any surprise, believeing Lee's army was on the war path and coming up the valley. I marched my command to the "Gap," stationed pickets at intervals, at the same time going myself over the ground, to become familiar with its "ins and outs." Here we were more than vigilant, not wishing anything to occur that would reflect upon our command. There was little sleep that night.

The next morning we made preparations to return to our regiment, but before doing so, I called at a house up on the mountain side, and asked a woman if she could furnish me with breakfast, she was glad to, I guess, and replied, "yes."

I Free a Slave and Get a Body Servant.

It was a good square meal for which I paid liberally. Coming out and passing through the yard, a bright eyed colored boy, not very dark, followed me, his age about a dozen years or more; I was quite struck with his appearance, and asked him his name. He replied, "Ephram." "Well," I said, "do you want to come along with me?" "Yes, massa." "All right, keep right by me, I'll take good care of you, and clothe you and when my regiment goes back home to Boston, I will look after you. I will dress you in army blue, and you'll be my servant. Now all you have to do is to look after this overcoat; it's a brand new one, and cost me lots, and I don't want to lose it." "Yes, massa," he replied. At this reply I thought I had done a good day's work by freeing a slave. This was before the 15th

amendment, when Lincoln freed all slaves. I got the start of him.

Rejoining my regiment, we soon started on another day's tramp, not knowing where to; after several days we neared the Potomac and bivouaced for the night. Here I was taken suddenly ill and removed to a nearby house, and put to bed, with a guard outside and two of my men as watchers in my room. Our surgeon attended me, giving stimulants. Knowing my regiment would move out next morning, I determined to get out. I dressed myself and the woman giving me a light breakfast with a cup of tea, I left feeling better and really refreshed after a comfortable night's rest on a feather bed. I knew it required nerve so mustered all I had, and taking command of Company C, joined my regiment on the march.

Something in the Wind.

We crossed the Potomac River near Frederickstown, Md., and still continued marching without any let up. It was march, march, march, every day for weeks and no enemy in sight. Lee's army evidently wanted to avoid a clash with our army for good reasons, which will come later. During these marches, my little "slave" recruit stood it well. Sometimes Ephram would mount one of the cook's pack mules and ride for a change, but still clinging to my overcoat for his life. Continuing our march into Maryland, it seemed a great relief to get into a country with green fertile fields and where thrift and prosperity seemed to abound. It was quite in contrast with Virginia, where marks of ruin and desolation were everywhere. We felt every day that something would happen, this suspense could not last much longer. Our regiment was much worn out, being the only one of the army that had marched the distance from "Camp Stump" to "Beverly Ford" there engaging in a cavalry fight, and then marching the distance over again, before reaching the Potomac River, making a round of one hundred miles, that the rest of Hooker's army had not traveled. The roads were sometimes bad and muddy from heavy rains.

No Shoes, a Free Ride in the Ambulance.

It was at this point that my shoes gave out, the soles worn loose, and at the end of each day's march, I took them off to let the sand and water drain out. I had endured this long enough when marching, my shoe soles going "flipty-flop" from toe to heel, so one morning when the "fall in" was sounded, I deliberately took my shoes off and left them behind, taking command of my company in stocking feet. Word reached my Colonel of my condition and he directed our surgeon to furnish me with a pass to ride in the ambulance the remainder of our journey. This kind act on his part came as a surprise to me, but knowing his ways, of course, I accepted the offer and thanked him. That day the 33rd happened to be the last regiment in the column of the 11th corps, as our division was the last division on that day's march and our brigade, the 2nd, was last in the division.

CHAPTER III.

"GETTYSBURG."

Skirmishing Near the Emmettsburg Road.

On this day, during the forenoon, distinct cannonading was heard, which settled the all-absorbing question. The clash we had been looking for had come and we felt that before the day was over our corps would be engaged.. It must have been about two o'clock in the afternoon of July 1, 1863, that the 33rd Massachusetts reached Gettysburg, Pa., by way of Tarrytown road, and formed line of battle in the Gettysburg cemetery, facing the town; the "right" of our regiment resting on the Baltimore Pike road. The ambulance conveying me arrived soon after the regiment and the driver backed up in an open field, off the side of the road and down in a hollow. My first thought was "where is my regiment?" I climbed up the hill and there just in time, saw the 33rd. My Colonel was giving orders to Lieut. Turner; being too far away to hear what was said, I guessed the situation and figured that Lieut. Turner was to take command of my company and deploy it as skirmishers. Before Turner could get the order out, drawing my sword and running up in stocking feet, I shouted "Company C by the right flank, by file left." My men knew that voice and turning round, I being behind them, their faces lightened up. We all jumped over the stone wall of the cemetery and ran down the incline onto the Emmettsburg road, I there finished my command. "deploy as skirmishers," and we formed line out in the open field beyond. The fighting for this day had subsided before our brigade had reached the scene of strife; Company C only exchanging a few shots with the enemy that afternoon.

On that morning of July 1st, Gen. Buford's cavalry had struck the advance of Lee's army near the Chambersburg road, which run over the hills and back of Gettysburg. It was at this junction that sharp encounter took place: Buford opening fire and checking their further advance, expecting that the advance of our army must soon come to his support, which it did when

the 1st Corps, commanded by Gen. Reynolds, hove in sight. Gen. Doubleday's division was the first to arrive and soon got into action at this point. Gen. Buford came up to Gen. Reynolds, who asked him, "What was the matter?" Buford replying, said, "The devil was to pay." It was but a little while later that a bullet struck Gen. Reynolds killing him instantly, and the command of the 1st Corps developed upon Gen. Doubleday.

Following the 1st Corps, came the 11th with the 3rd division in the lead on that day's march, under Gen. Barlow, and then the 1st division and 2nd. In the meantime, Lee's army was arriving in large numbers, Gen. Ewell's corps (with Stonewall Jackson) got into action and it looked pretty serious to us, as they outnumbered us "two to one." Both sides fought stubbornly and desperately, and our forces were pushed back. It was in this hot attack that Gen. Barlow was wounded. Nearly shot to pieces, he fought gallanty until the 2nd division came in sight. Gen. Van Steinwehr, commanding, soon got into action, excepting our brigade. Gen. Howard was on hand, and had wisely chosen the ground for our army's defense. Turning to one of his staff, he remarked, "Here is where the battle will be fought," meaning Cemetery Hill and big and little "Round Top" (see page 39). Howard justly got credit for the selection of this ground. The 11th Corps, retrieved themselves in this battle of July 1st, they fought like demons and wiped off the stain against them due to the fact that they "skedaddled" at Chancellorsville.

I Meet Gen. Sickels.

As the afternoon wore away, July 1st, I saw Gen. Sickles and staff riding up the Emmettsburg road carrying their white silk flag, with its Maltese Cross in the center, indicating the 5th Corps. As the General neared the field where I stood he reined up and beckoned to me. I hastened up to him and saluted. He inquired, "Where his corps had gone in"; I directed him to my best knowledge and he rode on. I learned afterwards he was severely wounded, and lost a leg, in this battle. It was midnight when I and my company were relieved by

another company of the 33rd. We marched back and joined our regiment still in line of battle inside of the cemetery. There I laid myself down for a little much needed sleep, among the tombstones, resting my head on the mound of some departed spirit and here midst these surroundings I dreamt of home and my fireside companions, but only to awaken the next morning to find it a delusion. Brushing the hair from my brow, I peered over towards the enemy's lines, wondering what the day would bring forth. Who knows, but it was the spirit of my departed mother that visited her only son that night as he lay in peaceful slumbers upon the battle ground.

The next day, July 2nd, was an off one, we were only preparing for the coming conflict by strengthening weak lines, changing the positions of corps and brigades, and doubling up in others. Twice that day the 33rd changed its ground. The last time it moved into a wheat field off the Baltimore Pike road and opposite the cemetery gateway. Here we remained for the day, and all our boys had to do was to dodge cannon balls; a very difficult thing to acomplish. There was more or less of artillery firing that day, both sides evidently trying to locate the positions of each other's batteries and heavy guns, to be in readiness when the time came.

The Artillery Duel.

The 3rd day opened up bright and clear, the fore part of the day quiet as a New England Sabbath; but sharp at twelve, we thought the world was coming to an end. Such a terrific cannonading we never before experienced; it fairly made the ground shake, where one stood. Think of five hundred cannons of both sides belching forth continuously for about two hours. The 33rd Massachusetts, in the meantime had taken position directly in front of "Cemetery Gate" on the Baltimore Pike and formed column by division, to hold this road at all hazards. A battery was also in position here. Col. Underwood ordered the 33rd to lie down in their position, while the artillery duel was at its height, to save lives, and we just lay there, making

spread-eagles of ourselves, flat on the ground, expecting every moment would be our last. (See page 57).

Never before had our army experienced such a terrible cannonading. It was deafening; I simply lay there with my mouth wide open to allow the sound to escape through to prevent deafness, something I learned years before, when reading upon military matters. I met Gen. Longstreet years after at the Palmer House, Chicago, carrying his ear trumpet, which he used when talking. He claimed his deafness was caused by the heavy cannonading.

Our line of defense, running as explained, in a horseshoe shape and the Confederate line in somewhat of a crescent shape, when the batteries all opened fire, upon us, it was bewildering. It was cannon to the right of us, cannon to the left of us, cannon in the front of us, volleyed and thundered.

Pickett's Charge.

After the cannonading ceased, there followed the carnage. Thousands upon thousands dropping dead or wounded, as Pickett's Division of Lee's army formed line in open field facing the Emmettsburg road and made their fruitless charge upon our lines. This was a desperate effort to break our lines, knowing if they failed it meant a "Waterloo" for them. The Rebel lines melted away under our heroic efforts to repulse their repeated charges. Both sides showed wonderful heroism, none faltered; it was win or die with our men. Little and Big Round Tops and small hills to the left of "Cemetery Hill" were where our lines suffered the heaviest. Fighting was severe, also, in front of the town cemetery. Today in the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, laid out on the battle site, which was consecrated a hallowed ground in November, 1863, when President Lincoln and Hon. Edward Everett delivered their famous speeches, there stand monuments, marking those very spots where the fighting was heaviest. (See illustration page 39).

It would be impossible to enumerate the many, many names of officers and men who stood up valiantly and then lost their lives, or were wounded in severe tests of courage and manhood,

but I must name one on account of his youthful age. Lieut. Cushing (eighteen years old, I am informed) lost his life while standing alone by his gun, loading and firing after his Captain and another Lieutenant were either killed or wounded, and planking "grape and canister" from his battery into the thickest of Pickett's men, until he, too, dropped. (See illustration number 8, page 39).

The Union line of defense resembled a mammoth horse shoe, the bend coming at the cemetery and Baltimore Pike road. At this point the 33rd Massachusetts was massed by division, supporting a battery. The 12th Corps, Gen. Slocum commanding, was on our right and their lines receded from the 33rd Massachusetts into the wooded hills beyond. The "Pennsylvania Reserves" (State Militia) protected our right flank. A little later that same afternoon, a demonstration by Ewell's Corps was made upon us—their line of works being about due north, if I'm correct in the compass; Ewell's Corps left their line of defense on the hills, came down into the meadow below, charged across and up to our lines. Some of them managed to get through, and one brave soldier took his life in his hands as he spiked with a hammer one of the battery's guns. The 33rd here took many prisoners. One of them told our boys they had been given whiskey with gunpowder in it, before starting. We took that story with many grains of allowance, believing, however, it might have been done to fire their brains. (See illustration number 1, page 57).

On Picket.

After the severe fighting had subsided, Col. Underwood sent for me and said he wanted me to take charge of the picket line that night as word had reached him a midnight attack was looked for in our front from Ewell's Corps. He cautioned me to have my men on the alert at all times. "At your service," I said, and saluting, I left him.

Ephram Beats It.

Needing my overcoat for all night duty, I inquired of one of the company cooks, who was bringing up in their camp ket-

tles hot coffee for the 33rd, if he had seen anything of "my Ephram." He said, "yes, the last I saw of Ephram was about noon with some fried liver on a tin plate in one hand and an overcoat on his arm, looking for you. Just them the heavy cannonading opened up and it scared the life out of him, he dropped plate and liver and ran for dear life with your overcoat, and I guess he is still runnning." The only thing I lamented in this flight, personally, was my lost coat, the moral of which is, "I freed a slave, but lost my brand new overcoat."

Being relieved from an all night picket, the next morning at sunrise, July 4th, I returned, with Company C, back upon the hill. Soon after Company C had eaten something, about 10 o'clock that day, to my surprise, Col. Underwood requested Mr. Blood to again take his company and deploy them as skirmishers in the open field, just to the south of Gettysburg. Company C without any "kicks," marched down and took their old position of July 1st, laying down on the ground immediately. I ordered "load and fire at will" then followed with the command, "Commence firing." It got lively for a while, and then gradually diminished, and I gave the command to "cease firing." About noon I was ordered to rejoin my regiment, upon which we learned Lee's army had taken flight in the night of July 3rd and that the enemy we had exchanged shots with was only the rear guard, showing a bold front, evidently to lead us to believe they were "all there." It proved to be their cavalry, dismounted to cover their retreat.

Burial Parties, I Get a New Pair of Shoes.

About noon a general order was sent around for all regiments to furnish squads of men under a Sergeant to bury the dead left on the field. They were rolled up in their blankets, if they had any, as wooden overcoats (coffins) were not at hand. Trenches were dug large enough to admit of four lying abreast and three tiers deep, making about a dozen in a trench. All were covered with earth. Then men of our regiment having returned, remarked that Pickett's men lay there in "rows like potatoes." Just then Sergeant Eames, my orderly (1st Ser-

geant) came to me with a pair of shoes in his hands, saying "Here, Lieutenant, I took these off a dead 'Johnny,' knowing you were shoeless, I sized them up, thinking they might fit you." My! but wasn't I astonished; they were all right, and I thanked him. But this poor dead "Johnny" must have been riddled with bullets, the eyelet holes of both shoes were torn so badly it was difficult to lace them, and in the heel of one shoe a bullet had gone clean through, in one side and out the other. Well, I considered the shoes a God-send (with all reverence.). No one will ever know what the writer suffered during those four days of torture, no wonder I became shoeless. My shoes were badly worn when the 33rd started on that all night trip to Beverly Ford and after that cavalry fight we continued marching, making one hundred miles to the Potomac River and another one hundred miles through Maryland into Pennsylvania, and were then brought into action at Gettysburg; that was a two hundred mile march for the 33rd Massachusetts. No other regiment in our army performed such a jaunt.

One can now see why Lee's army of the south evaded our northern army—to avoid a clash, their objective point being the rich State of Pennsylvania, where Lee and his Generals had promised their half-starved and shoeless army, relief. If they could carry the war into the north and make it feel its horrors and pangs—they could live on the fatness of this "promised land," they could pillage and burn and shoe their army. But our Government thought otherwise, the army of the Potomac called a halt on this army of Virginia. The 33rd Massachusetts did not lose a man at Gettysburg that I can remember of, though exposed all the time; but had our division, the 2nd, been the leading division on the march July 1st, it would have suffered heavily.

Back to Virginia and the Camp.

On the morning of July 5th, Gen. Howard commanding the 11th Corps, moved out and marched down the Emmettsburg road on the home trip, passing that ever-to-be-remembered spot, where Pickett's charge cost so many lives, and Big and Little Round

Top, where our men fought so bravely and heroically, and lost so heavily. The "two hay stacks" were still standing, and the "Big Red Barn" near by (Codori House) where the fight was hand to hand. Those scenes are vividly on our minds while we live and never to be forgotten. The victorious army rather enjoyed their home trip, the march being easy with time at the noon hour for rest and to have a mouthful to eat, and to cook coffee in our little tin pails. The march was livened up by song; everybody felt happy, we were not worrying about Lee; the army slept soundly when night came, and awoke refreshed the next morning for another day's tramp. Before reaching the Potomac River, our army marched over the Antietam battle ground. Our brigade bivouaced in a large open field, partly surrounded by woods, the opening facing the tragic Antietam or Burnside bridge. Our army having crossed the Potomac, it was not many days before we reached the old battle ground of "Bull Run." It was a familiar spot, the army having tramped over it many times with sad recollections. Here war and desolation had left its marks, tall chimneys standing intact, showing where once a house stood, uprooted trees, many splintered by shot and shell, caissons without wheels, carcasses of dead horses disembowled, here a human leg or foot protruding through the ground, arms and hands sticking out, skulls, many of them kicking round like "footballs" as the army passed over them. It was a sorrowful sight to look upon. A civilian observer would revolt at such ghastly sights, but the soldier gets hardened in war and becomes immuned to the sense of feeling and pain. The fallen dead of both armies had been hastily buried, and but scanty earth was thrown over them; the heavy rains washed the earth away, exposing their forms. Years later, this contested ground was cleaned up, and the bodies, bones and carcasses carted off and cremated.

After another day's march the Potomac army halted for a rest, the 11th Corps going into camp near Catlet's Station, another old stamping ground in direct line between Washington and Fredericksburg.

At this time I was rewarded for good conduct. My Colonel

assigned to my company as assistant, 2nd Lieut. Oswego Jones, seeing I was in sore need of another officer. Army regulations provide three officers to a company and when Capt. Rand was called to Boston on special recruiting service I was sole officer of Company C remaining, performing the duties of three. I had never complained before, but appreciated this favor.

Just here a Mr. Tucker, our regular "sutler," arrived on the ground and opened up his wares—cigars, tobacco, pipes, canned goods, condensed milk, not fogetting playing cards. Our boys just pitched into his canned peaches, which with milk, was a favorite dish. We all enjoyed this treat, after our trying experiences, ever since Chancellorsville fight, three months passed. We felt we were "getting to be some" now with full allowance of food and sleep. We were glad to be soldiers.

CHAPTER IV.

"TO LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE."

August, 1863, wore on and about September 10th, the 11th Corps, under Gen. Howard and the 12th Corps under Gen. Slocum, Gen. Hooker in command of all, received orders to prepare for a long journey. Box cars, awaited us on the track with a passenger coach for officers, and we pulled out, the boys waving their caps. None knew their destination, we rolled along, and rolled along, passing "Harper's Ferry" and then into Ohio. We found this state wild with excitement, at every station we stopped, it was "Hurrah for Brough." This was all Greek to us, but upon inquiry learned Brough was the Republican candidate for Governor of the State of Ohio, to be voted on at the next November election. Why, it was a picnic for the boys. No wonder they became enamored with those pretty, fair damsels at the stations, dressed in their pink and blue chambray dresses, their hair ribbons and "spit curls," and their dainty little hands, waving small flags, cheering for Brough and the Union. Vallingdingham, the Democratic candidate, who was a pronounced "Copperhead," in the North, was gloriously defeated at the polls, and was obliged to flee to Canada to save his life. Our Government had a price set on his head for uttering disloyal sentiments. "Copperheads" was a name given to all Rebel sympathizers in the North. A long time after the war, he came back to Ohio, and was pardoned.

Through Ohio.

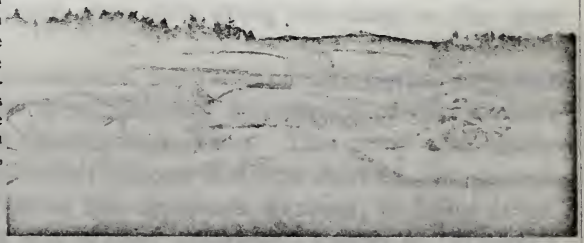
Continuing our journey through Ohio, the men rode on top of the box cars, in order to get a good view of the country. Crossing the Ohio River we reached Kentucky, the "Blue Grass State," where everybody one meets is a Colonel. As they are all Colonels down there, they must have organized regiments of Rebel Colonels during Civil War times, weilding swords instead of muskets, with now and then Generals, as Colonels become too

common. Passing through this State we entered Tennessee, then Alabama. Upon arriving at Stevenson, Ala., we left the train, only to take another one, made up expressly for the 33rd Massachusetts en route to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee. The bridge as this point had been burnt by Rebels, thus cutting off the railroad line to Chattanooga, Tenn. The only means of supplying our army there, was by boats up the river. Here we went into camp wondering where the enemy lay.

Experiences in Alabama.

We remained here in idleness about ten days, when Col. Underwood was ordered to march his regiment back to Stevenson, Ala., and then go into camp. The distance was some twelve miles. About midway or six miles down the railroad, there was a bridge crossing a small stream and at this point our Colonel halted the regiment and calling Mr. Blood, said, "I'm going to leave you and your companny here to guard this bridge to prevent Rebel cavalry burning it. Exchanging salutes we parted. There I was in a strange country, and no house in sight. It was lonesome and dreary. Near this bridge stood a large log "stockade" with port holes. It was here my company was to make its home. Our boys pitched my wall tent upon a knoll not far from the stockade and here I tried to make myself as comfortable as possible. We had established a picket some distance away in a half circle formation to cover all cross roads and foot paths, also a guard stood at my tent night and day, and around about our camp to prevent surprise. My, but it was fierce for it rained nearly two weeks without any let-up, with heavy thunder and lightning. My Second Lieutenant, Oswego Jones, and I took turns in visiting the outpost at night and the lightning served us in finding our way through the woods. Lonesome does not express it, so I thought of taking a "change of venue." One day a Sergeant of Company C borrowed a couple of saddled horses, from whom I don't know, and we made a visit to our regiment at Stevenson just in time to see the 33rd go through their dress parade, same as witnessed on the "Lake Front," Chicago.

1: Looking toward the enemy's lines from immediately in front of the cemetery gate. It was through these fields, and up the slope to the gate, that Euell's corps charged on the enemy of July 3rd. See page 49.



2: The view is from Slocum's monument on Culp's Hill toward the cemetery, among the trees in the left background. Capt. Blood's company occupied the low ground directly in the middle of the picture, facing to the right.

3: The same country as shown in view 2 above, seen from the other end of the line. Taken from beneath Hancock's statue, looking toward the statue of Slocum in the far background.

4: The monument of the 33rd Mass., midway between Culp's Hill and the cemetery. Slocum's statue at the right.

Photos taken on the field expressly for this booklet by J. H. WEDDELL

Mail and Gifts from Home.

I was rewarded for going, finding quite a mail awaiting me from home. In this mail came a gold seal ring with a dark green blood stone, nicely chased, my wife having it made to order, after having taken measure of my finger when I left. I returned to our quarters that night feeling lighter hearted and cheerful.

My Second Lieutenant proved of valuable assistance to me and somewhat lessened my duties. He was a good soldier, having once served in the British army, and was a good fellow socially. After remaining here about three weeks we saw the 33rd coming our way, and our Colonel ordered us to "fall in." It didn't require much time to get ready, and follow along until we reached Bridgeport, once more going into camp on the same old ground.

Gen. Hooker's command, the 11th and 12th Corps, were sent "West" with a view of re-enforcing that portion of Gen. Grant's army that was at Chattanooga, Tenn. This army was nearly surrounded, living on half rations, and was short of ammunition. Hooker arrived just at the opportune moment, to bring relief. His line of march was always, afterward, known as "Hooker's cracker route."

Lookout Mountain.

Our march that day to Lookout Valley was tiresome, considering the distance, about twelve miles. It was hitch along all the way, stopping nearly as many times as we took steps, feeling our way along slowly in an enemy's country, expecting a brush any moment. Our brigade, however, reached the Valley without any fuss. Turning left into Lookout Valley at Wauhatchie, the first objective coming into view, was Lookout Mountain standing there in its majesitc form and grandeur, a massive rock over five hundred feet high and practiaclly perpendicular. Between this mountain and the valley road, running parallel to it, ran a ridge quite steep, about one hundred feet high, known as "Raccoon." This we called Hill No. 1. Col. Underwood ordered me to march Company C up the hill to its

top, and along the length of it as "flankers" to prevent any surprise. Obeying the command I marched my men Indian fashion, single file, covering our regiment as it passed along below. After passing Hill No. 1 the valley road turns east, as Lookout Mountain here ends abruptly leaving an open space. We came to another hill, a continuation of Raccoon Ridge, which we named Hill No. 2. It is diagonal to Lookout Montain. As the 33rd Massachusetts marched by, keeping in the valley which runs north and south, we saw troops on the top with the "Stars and Stripes" flying to the breeze and cheering us with their caps as we passed below. Continuing some distance we halted on the side of the road, "stacked arms" and bivouaced for the night.

Surprise at Raccoon Ridge.

About midnight a long roll call "fall in," was sounded by our drummers which greatly disturbed our slumbers. Mechanically I formed my company and took my place in line. The regiment took up its line of march, but upon reaching Hill No. 2 halted and formed regimental front, facing this hill, where we had seen the troops that afternoon. As we marched up this hill part way in battalion front, suddenly musketry fire opened on us upon which Col. Underwood instantly ordered, "33rd lie down." Our Adjutant shouted out, "You're firing on your own men." A voice replied, "What regiment are you?" Adjt. Mudge shouted back, "33rd Massachusetts." Upon that a volley from an entire Rebel line poured down on us. Our Colonel immediately ordered, "33rd rise, charge! Remember Massachusetts! Fix ——," here a bullet or more felled him to the ground. Our Adjutant came running to him saying, "Good God, Colonel, are you shot?" Our Colonel replied in a weak voice, "This is no time for talk, lead the regiment, Adjutant!" In less than five minutes later Adjutant Mudge, the pride of the regiment, was instantly killed. But the 33rd, undaunted, continued its struggle up the steep Hill No. 2. Like a "solid phalanx" unwavering, until it reached the summit, at a great sacrifice, it drove the Rebels in flight down the opposite slope of the hill.

Our lines at this stage being too close to each other to load and fire, the scrap became hand to hand. Our boys used the butts of their muskets most unmercifully over the heads of the "Johnnies," who couldn't run fast enough. Sergeant Jubb of the 33rd, caught one Rebel, got him by the throat, and nearly choked him to death. Our brave Lieut. Shepherd had a similar experience. While this was going on a similar engagement was taking place at Hill No. 1. The 73rd Ohio, Col. Smith's old regiment, drove the enemy off and took possession after a loss of about 55 men. There were only two regiments of our brigade engaged, the 136th New York, acting as support, the 55th Ohio being on special duty, and not in action. Three companies of the 33rd Massachusetts were also on special duty, guarding supplies at Brown's Ferry. In this midnight attack of the 33rd, only seven companies, 237 men, were engaged with a loss of ninety-four, killed and wounded including eight officers or more than one-third of those engaged. My Second Lieutenant, Oswego Jones, was seriously wounded. I cannot pass the loss of my Second Lieutenant unnoticed, for he proved a brave and efficient officer, and unmindful of himself in danger.

Our poor Mudge lost his life heroically in the performance of his duty. His brother occupied a like position as Adjutant of 1st Massachusetts. He seemed to lead a charmed life, having been in every battle of the Army of the Potomac from April, 1861, until his expiration of enlistment, and return home to Boston with his regiment. The remains of Adjutant Mudge were shipped to Boston at the request of his father.

Made Adjutant.

The next day, October 30th, was like a day of mourning to us all. We sat there on the hill, every face manifesting feelings of sadness, when recounting the scenes of the night before. So many of our comrades were missisng. Our boys had wanted to see real war; they did, and "got it in the neck." Lieut. Col. Rider being senior field officer, the command of the 33rd devolved upon him. He at once set to work to straighten things

out, after writing to Gov. Andrews of Massachusetts, giving him a complete and concise report of the midnight attack and of the losses. He consulted with his Captains, as to who should be Adjutant, to fill the vacancy made by the death of our beloved Mudge. While this was in progress I was reviewing our experiences of the day before and in deep meditation, using the Bible phrase, I was like "Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, for they were not." Col. Rider here broke into my mood by sending for me and saying, "After deliberating upon the choice of an Adjutant, I have with advice of the Captains, appointed you Adjutant to fill this vacancy, believing in your ability and fitness for the position. I trust you will fill it, with credit to yourself and the regiment." Taking off my hat and saluting, I thanked my Colonel from the bottom of my heart, assuring him I would try to be worthy of this honor.

I have never been reconciled to this October 29th, '63, slaughter. To my mind it was wholesale murder and some general high up was responsible for the removal of those troops we saw on top of Hill No. 2 that afternoon. Once in our possession why was it not held at all hazards, with enemy all around; why were our troops removed?

We Meet Longstreet's Men in the West.

News reached the South of the movement of Hooker west, and to offset it, Longstreet's Corps of Lee's army was likewise ordered west, to report to Gen. Bragg's headquarters on Lookout Mountain, and this explains the activity in Lookout Valley on October 29th. We learned afterwards, the enemy we became engaged with were Longstreet's men and it was a singular coincident, that the 33rd Massachusetts again confronted South Carolina troops. These two states were the bitterest of enemies; dating back before the Civil War, Massachusetts was a strong abolition state, denouncing slavery. This bitterness was even carried on the floor of the Senate Chamber before the war, when Senator Chas. Sumner of Boston, Mass., was making the effort of his life to wipe off the stain of slavery by introducing the Fifteenth Amendment. Senator Brooks, of South Carolina,

assailed him at his desk, beating him over the head with a cane, until Sumner dropped to the floor senseless. Lincoln signed this bill later during the war.

Dog Eat Dog.

So that night of Oct. 29, '63, it was "dog eat dog," South Carolina and Massachusetts fighting to the death. Here I must again call attention to the fact that Massachusetts and South Carolina are the only states of our Union whose State Flags are white silk, all other regimental State colors being dark blue silk.

On the morning of Nov. 1, following our midnight attack of Oct. 29th, the 33rd moved from the crest of Hill No. 2 down into Lookout Valley and formed camp, near the roadside in the open space beween Hills No. 1 and No. 2, under the shadow of "Old Lookout." Our new camping ground was somewhat crowded, but our position guarded the east road running from the valley, and was in close reach of either hill in case of approach of the enemy.

I Feel I Am Somebody.

My adjutant's desk was backed up against a large tree, a wise move, it being annoying to sit and write when the "Johnnies" for amusement were firing down their camp kettle, as our boys called them, solid shot of fifty pounds. Being now installed in my new office, I was open for business, with the large blue quartermaster chest heavily filled with Government stationery and printed forms and blanks ready for use. I was fully equipped with everything to run a regiment. I was familiar with the duties of an adjutant. I always envied this position, it being prominent and active as well as responsible, and exposed when in action. In fact, the adjutant runs the regiment, he being the mouthpiece of the Colonel. I began to feel I was "somebody" having two horses at my command, and a groom to care for them, a Sergeant Major of non-commissioned staff to assist in battalion movements, dress parade and guard mounting, a clerk detailed as assistant, an orderly to transmit orders to the line officers, and a colored servant to look after me personally. What

more could a fellow wish? But when the consolidated report is made out it becomes a trying task sometimes accounting for every man of the regiment, beginning with Company A and ending with Company K. This report is made out every morning and sent up to the General in command of the army, that he may know his "effective" fighting force each day, as well as those on the sick list, and absent, sick in hospitals, special duty men, band men, pioneers, etc., etc., all of which has to tally with the footings of the entire strength of the regiment.

The 33rd having now got settled down to quiet camp life again, after their severe "jar" of October 29, began to show some life and spirit. It readily responded to call "fall in" when our regiment was ordered to make a reconnoisance down the valley and look for the whereabouts of "Johnny Reb." Soon after starting down the road, one of those fifty-pound solid shot flew over our column and Major Lamson, formerly my captain of Company C, had a narrow escape, the missile just grazing him and ploughing up the ground beyond. Col. Rider satisfying himself the country was safe in our region, we returned to camp the same day without taking any scalps, but there stood that grim old Lookout looking down so defiantly that it gave a fellow the chills, to consider its height and to try to figure out how we could ever reach its summit to drive the rebels off. It fairly made one dizzy craning his neck in looking up. Everyone foresaw the day was not far off when a forward movement would be made on Gen. Braggs' lines, and we figured that an assault on Lookout Mountain could only be done at a great sacrifice of lives.

The Battle Above the Clouds.

About November 21, 1863, the movement of our troops indicated that Gen. Grant had matured his plans for an immediate attack upon Bragg, whose entire lines were strongly entrenched both on Lookout and Missionary Ridge. On the afternoon of November 21, the 33rd Massachusetts was ordered to go in light marching order, leaving their tents, knapsacks and blankets in camp. Crossing the river on pontoons we reached

the Chattanooga side and our regiment took position on Orchard Knob in support of a battery of brass pieces, facing Lookout. Other troops were massing and maneuvering preparing for battle. The second day opened with hovering clouds and showers causing a dense mist in front of Lookout, but Hooker, with three divisions, Osterhan's, Geary's and another, started up the Forlorn Hope to "Point Lookout." Hooker alone had opened the ball, and as we all watched with eager and strained eyes through the mist and fog, the clouds obscuring our view of the mountain, suddenly the sun broke out above the clouds, and we saw the glistening bayonets of Hooker's men climbing up that steep and rugged path to reach the top. Cheer after cheer went up, as we gazed and saw the Stars and Stripes floating to the breeze above the clouds, assuring us that "our flag was still there," and that Hooker was carrying old Lookout. This scene was better than any moving picture.

The weather was cold and raw, and the rains of the day had caused the ground to become wet and damp, uncomfortable for an all-night job. All felt the need of blankets, left behind. The next morning, soon after break of dawn, I hastened down to visit our pickets, realizing their discomfiture, and to assure them I would soon have them relieved and returned to the regiment. Turning back towards the 33rd, as I walked up the slope, or rise of ground, whom should I meet walking towards me but Gen. Grant and two of his reliable generals, Thomas and McPherson. There was an absence of glitter and pomp with these men. One would have taken Gen. Grant for a Methodist minister from his plain appearance, only for the unlit cigar he was chewing on.

Salute Grant in the Early Dawn.

Passing we exchanged salutes. Gen. Grant evidently was out early that morning taking in the situation with his Generals. That very morning there appeared in the northern papers in large headlines a message Grant flashed over the wires the night before, "Joe Hooker, fighting above the clouds, carries Lookout Mountain."

Missionary Ridge.

About eight o'clock the morning of the third day the quiet and stillness was broken by a sharp musketry firing by the enemy on Sherman's advance of the Fifteenth Corps, Gen. John A. Logan in command. Soon after the entire line was engaged as our troops started up the steep and wooded hill of Missionary Ridge.

Here the 33rd was ordered to the front and to take position as our regiment marched by. Where the conflict appeared the hottest, we saw Gen. Corse, of the Fifteenth Corps, carried off on a stretcher severely wounded. As we passed him on the road, Corse shouted out to us, "Give them H—l, boys, the d—n rebels." Corse commanded a brigade, he was a plucky little fellow, and full of fight at all times, but somewhat given to profanity.

After the 33rd reached the extreme end of our left wing, facing the ridge, we halted, and were not in action, acting only as support ready to be called upon if needed. Our position brought us before the enemy's extreme right facing "Tunnel Hill," where a railroad formerly ran through. After a hard fight Sherman gained the "Crest." Our forces swept Bragg's men from off the entire Ridge, in great confusion, resulting finally in complete rout.

A Thanksgiving Message.

Thanksgiving Day being at hand, Grant sent a message over the wires to President Lincoln reading, "I send you a Thanksgiving offering, the capture of both Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, together with thousands of prisoners and many stands of arms and the complete rout of Bragg's army.

In summing up, to us, Missionary Ridge appeared as rather a tame affair compared to the battle of Gettysburg, there being very little artillery brought into use, and no rebel cavalry to harass our victorious army. Bragg's chief of staff was entirely deceived as to Grant's purpose when he saw the marshalling of troops in the open valley, calling to Bragg to come and see the "Yankee Review" down there.

Winter Marching Without Blankets.

Shortly after, the 33rd was ordered to join the column for

the relief of Knoxville, where Burnside was hemmed in. Our regiment was ill prepared for this jaunt, leaving as they had their knapsacks, rubber and woolen blankets behind in camp. The weather was very cold near December, the roads hard and frozen and a long march ahead. After some four or five days' forced marching, the 33rd Massachusetts was halted and ordered to rest up a few days, as the siege at Knoxville had been raised and we were not needed. This rest for the 33rd was opportune, as many of our boys' shoes had given out. This few days' rest also brought us food as well, as the beef driven on hoof in our march were here killed, and our boys not only had fresh beef, but took the hides and made moccasins for their feet. Upon returning to Lookout Valley, general orders were given out for the army to go into winter quarters, which the entire army welcomed. The 33rd was not slow in preparing comfortable huts, using their shelter tents for roofs, enabling them to stand up instead of crawling in.

Winter Quarters.

Our Colonel Rider selected a choice location in the Valley, giving us fine grounds in the open for regimental and company drills, dress parade, and guard mounting. Games were indulged in, such as baseball, pitching horse shoes, and other sports.

CHAPTER V.

WITH SHERMAN TO ATLANTA.

Grant had been appointed chief of all U. S. armies—headquarters with the Army of the Potomac in Virginia, and as a part of a concerted attack of all armies on the rebel forces, Sherman was ordered to march to Atlanta and the sea.

The Long March Begins.

Our brigade, now the third of the third division of the Twentieth Corps under General Ward, marched under Hooker. We had severe action enroute, during which we lost thirty men of two hundred engaged. I had the pleasure of seeing Gen. Hooker, in company with Sickles, stop near me. Sickles was now minus a leg, which he lost at Gettysburg, and was on his trip west, inspecting sanitation and hospitals. Of course Sickles couldn't miss seeing his old army pal, Hooker, even if it took another leg, for Sickles was exposing himself unnecessarily that morning. While as for Hooker, it was characteristic of him to be at the "front" and see for himself how the battle raged. The following morning "Johnny Reb" had dropped out of sight, but our brigade remained here near the Pike road several days and rested up.

Peach Tree Creek.

After caring for our fallen comrades, our brigade again pulled out on the road to march towards that coveted city, Atlanta, which was a long distance ahead. We met with little opposition, and had easy going, as Sherman's left wing appeared to be getting the brunt of it for a while. At Peach Tree Creek, June 22, we encountered our foes in small force entrenched upon a hill. Hooker ordered pickets from the 33rd to line up in the edge of the brush and woods facing the "Johnnies." He himself taking delight in pointing out the whereabouts of the rebels. About noon the same day, Col. Rider received orders to march down to the picket line and charge the hill. We formed line of battle, our pickets joining their companies, and with "fixed bayo-

nets" dashed quick into the open with a war whoop and across the meadow, jumping the creek with a bound. We charged up that hill under fire and drove them from their entrenchment. The "Johnnies" were cooking their noon meal and our regiment coming upon them so suddenly, they dropped everything and fled. They left their Dutch ovens, iron spiders with legs, and iron covers. They were baking their "hoe" cake, which in the north is called "Johnny Cake" or cornbread. Our army was never put to that hardship, baking their own bread in the trenches, for they carried their "hard-tack" (crackers) in haversacks all ready to devour when hungry.

Our Colonel directed the Captains to send sufficient men back across the meadow to bring split rails from a fence to strengthen the rifle pits. A funny thing happened: one of our boys who had been in every action with the 33rd and had never received a scratch, upon making his third trip back for rails had a stray bullet strike him in the rear, on the fleshy part of his unmentionable—in other words, his posterior—making a flesh wound. He never tired cursing that rebel, remarking, "What will I say when I get home? My folks and girl will ask where I got shot, and have the laugh on me, saying I showed the white feather by running away from the enemy, instead of facing him."

Late in the afternoon, those Johnnies quietly retired, leaving us sole occupants of the hill with only a slight loss. After remaining here about a week, Hooker's Corps again renewed its march, reaching the vicinity of Kenesaw Mountain early in July, where Sherman's left wing was already in position facing Bragg's army. Our brigade occupied a range of hills near by. It seemed that Bragg's policy was defensive in this spring campaign of '64, he employing his engineer corps to select commanding positions on elevated ground, using negro slaves to dig trenches, build forts and fell trees as obstructions, ready for his army to drop into when meeting with defeat. To offset this, Gen. Sherman's policy on this campaign was to make a strong showing in front of his lines facing his foes, and then by strategic flank movements to threaten Bragg's rear, and draw him out of his strong-

hold. By these tactics Sherman saved thousands of lives. It was here at Kenesaw Mountain that Gen. McPherson lost his life, supposedly shot in ambush by a rebel sharpshooter while out sizing up the enemy's position. McPherson, commanding the Army of Tennessee, was highly regarded by both Grant and Sherman as a safe, trustworthy and successful general, and his loss was keenly felt.

On this very day, about noon, orders were received for our brigade to "fall in" and get ready for action. Our Colonel was about to take command of his regiment, when the 33rd Massachusetts mail arrived, and as I sat on my horse ready to lead off, Col. Rider was handed a letter from home, informing him of another death in his family. Thrusting the letter in his pocket, he remarked to me that that was the third child he had lost since leaving home and entering the service. Words from me at such a time would have been cold comfort to him, so I said nothing. The Colonel, riding up to my side with an effort, faced his regiment and with his lips quivering, commanded attention—"Battalion! Shoulder Arms! Left Face! Forward March!" Noticing our Colonel was unfit to take command, as he was marching the 33rd left in front, I assumed the responsibility, marched down the slope of the hills to the low ground in the open and commanded, "On the left, by files into line," which brought our regiment right in front in line of battle, facing where we expected our imaginary foe to be. But there being no enemy in sight, the 33rd ordered arms and stood there in place rest until late in the afternoon, when our brigade was ordered back to camp.

"Hold the Fort."

While Sherman's left wing was near and occupying Kenesaw Mountain, Gen. Corse, whom we saw carried off wounded on a stretcher at the battle of Missionary Ridge, and who had so far receovered to permit his taking charge of his command in the Spring campaign of '64, at this point, allowed his reckless ambition to exceed his better judgment. He got too far in advance of Sherman's army, and found himself in a tight fix, com-

pletely hemmed in. He thought to defend himself by moving his command on top of "Lost Mountain," a lone mountain separated from all other ranges. Upon Gen. Sherman learning this situation he immediately signaled Corse a flag message by signal corps, saying, "Hold the fort, for I am coming with a hundred thousand strong." Gen. Corse replied in answer, "I will hold the fort till all H—l freezes over," which was Gen. Corse's demonstrative way of speaking. Gen. Sherman, true to his word, reached there just in time to relieve Corse. It was Sherman's message to Corse which gave rise to that peculiar revival hymn of Moody and Sankey, "Hold the Fort," etc.

Fun at the State Capital.

Hooker's command was also on the move, advancing in the enemy's country with but little obstruction, and after some tiresome marching, our troops (Twentieth) reached the vicinity of Milledgeville, Ga., its State Capital at that time. Our brigade camped near the State House grounds, where we remained a number of days. During our idleness our Quartermaster, Walker, and myself, decided upon making a tour of inspection through the Capitol building. We took in the assembly rooms, seating ourselves at some Senator's desk, we made off-hand speeches in a jolly way, and passed resolutions to adjourn. The Senate chamber had the appearance of a confused state and disorder. We found all kinds of writing on scraps of paper, some bills to be introduced and others passed upon, the Legislature apparently having adjourned in a hurry. Knowing that Sherman's army was in sight of the city, Walker and I felt that everything we saw belonged to the U. S. Government, so upon reaching the Library room we devoted some time in reading up "Law and Blackstone." We here conceived the idea of becoming one of Sherman's runners in action as well as name. Seeing two nice volumes of "Napoleon's Life," written by Thieves, a French author, the Adjutant very naturally froze to them.

When Gage's Burned.

The final fate of these books was that they were burned up

in my large blue army chest at GAGE BROTHERS' top loft, 78 Lake Street, at the time of the Chicago fire, October 9, 1871.

Strike Tents.

Sherman's main army was already in the lead of us, the "Strike tents" call was sounded, and the Twnetieth Corps, after a good rest, again took up the line of march. We reached the neighborhood of Marietta, Ga., which Sherman had taken and occupied with but little loss. At this junction, Gen. Sherman with his army remained a while and held council with his Corps Commanders to devise plans to be enacted in the closing scenes of attack and capture of Atlanta, which was about three days' march ahead.

The Skeleton Regiment.

For some time back, in sending my consolidated morning reports up to army headquarters, I could only show an average of one hundred and thirty-five effective men fit for duty each day, many giving out from time to time for lack of strength due to the rigor of a long and trying campaign. We were given the name, "Skeleton Regiment." This condition caused Col. Rider to consolidate our ten companies of the 33rd into six companies, making an average of twenty-two men each, and it was here at Marietta that Gen. Sherman, knowing of our thin, depleted ranks, issued a special order that the 33rd Massachusetts be relieved from the firing line and put on train guard duty to guard wagon trains on the march as well as in park. Our boys greeted this announcement with some feelings of pride and satisfaction, knowing they had done their whole duty, and called Sherman a gentleman.

General Bragg Flees.

Sherman's army having now made its last halt, pushed on to Atlanta, reaching its outskirts with no serious trouble, and was here placed in commanding positions. Without haste Sherman sized up the weak and strong points of Bragg's defense and soon his army nearly encircled its opponent. The approaches now strongly fortified with earthworks, ditches, felled trees and

chevadefries (the latter being a well-known obstruction of felled trees with their branches trimmed to prickly points, placed in front of ditches and preventing the advancing foe from getting through without going under a galling fire). Before Sherman reached this doomed city, many families left, taking their belongings to some point of safety, fearing it would be burned. Atlanta was certainly the finest city of the state, having many elegant public buildings. Gen. Bragg himself disliked to stand siege here, knowing the feelings of its citizens, who prided themselves on their home town, and the serious loss to them should Bragg stand a long fight to hold the city. Possibly the people of Atlanta cherished the same feeling which was felt in our army: that this war would soon end; that it was no longer a question of years, but only a question of months. Our heaviest fighting in this Spring campaign was the first two months, May and June. After this the "Johnnies" seemed to have lost that desperate unflinching spirit of former campaigns. No doubt the lessons they learned at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge when Sherman and Hooker "licked them to a frazzle" (using a Roosevelt expression), were still fresh in their minds. This was about the true state of affairs in the latter part of August, '64, at Atlanta, where the rebel army was confronted by the Union army, and there was danger of Bragg being bagged and his exit cut off. Undoubtedly Gen. Sherman had in mind compelling Gen. Bragg to surrender his army right there, and Gen. Bragg must have anticipated this, for before there was any chance for any desperate fighting, we learned that the rebel army and its leader had suddenly left in quick flight.

We Enter Atlanta—Five Hundred Prisoners.

It was just four months from May 1, when Hooker's command left Lookout Valley and Sherman's main army left Dalton, to the first day of September, '64, when Gen. Sherman took possession of Atlanta. This was a day long to be remembered by the 33rd Massachusetts. We left the wagon train and entered the city, marching down its main street with colors flying, and our band playing stirring music, putting new songs into the

mouths of the populace, not secessionism, but unionism airs. We plodded along with heads erect, keeping step to the music. As our regiment neared the Court House an officer of Sherman's staff guided us into Peach Tree Street, which got its name from the numerous peach trees on the front lawns of the many attractive residences. We halted in front of a vacant cottage, which was assigned as our headquarters, our regiment turning off to open ground in the rear. We here received orders that Gen. Sherman had directed the 2nd Massachusetts and 33rd Massachusetts to perform provost duty in the city, to guard and patrol its streets and maintain order and prevent wanton destruction of property. The 33rd was to guard the five hundred prisoners turned over to our Colonel Rider and the Adjutant was held responsible for them until they were sent north to Chicago via Chattanooga and Nashville.

The Slave Pen.

He was handed a roster of all their names and rank, instructed each day to call the roll and have sufficient guard over them. The building they occupied was called a "Slave Pen," and had been used during the war as temporary quarters for Union prisoners until removed to some permanent place, like Andersonville prison. Among the list of prisoners handed the Adjutant were several generals, colonels and captains, each of whom was given a "parole of honor" to go and come as they liked. This "slave pen" was a wooden structure built open in front, amphitheater style, a high fence encircling all. It was as good as a circus at times. Our band renewed its usual practice of giving open air concerts, playing marches, quick-steps and patriotic tunes, and always ending with "Dixie" for the benefit of our prisoners. Those "Johnny Rebs" just went wild over the South's National air, stamping their feet, clapping their hands, and giving us their "Rebel yell" which they always shout on a charge in battle.

A Midnight Spread.

We remained here something over a week, when orders came for the removal of our prisoners North. The afternoon of this

day our paroled officers reported present and the 33rd line officers, Captains and Lieutenants decided upon giving them a royal send-off, the field and staff officers absenting. All the pies and cakes that could be found were bought, also cigars, and after dark a mimic banquet was held in the woods, near the camp, and all fraternized like old friends. The "canteen" was frequently indulged in, containing "commissary," the army name for whisky. A few speeches off-hand were made and our rebel friends assured us that the 33rd Massachusetts would always come before them when looking back upon the late unpleasantness (the war).

We Move.

Our prisoners were late getting away. The train was provided with a strong guard and destined for Chicago, where the prisoners would put up at that popular hotel known as "Douglas Barracks" on Cottage Grove Avenue, occupying the ground between Thirty-third street and Thirty-fifth place. The next day our regiment changed its camp and took quarters on the main street near the Court House. Gen. Sherman's headquarters being on the same street, opposite the square. Here we reported for duty as provost guard. Gen. Hooker here resigned from command of the Twentieth Corps, and was succeeded by Gen. Slocum, formerly of the Twelfth Corps. Hooker's excuse for resigning was that Gen. O. O. Howard was given command of the Army of Tennessee by death of Gen. McPherson at Kenesaw Mountain, and that he, Hooker, was Senior Major General to Howard, and should have been given the command.

Three Weeks' Furlough.

Our Col. Godfrey Rider also resigned here, owing to ill health and the strain upon him. This last four months' campaign, together with the severe loss of his three children at home, told upon him. Here Lieut. Col. Elisha Doane succeeded to command of the 33rd. Soon after the occupation of Atlanta, Gen. Sherman issued an order granting thirty days' furlough to all regiments of his army, allowing one man from each company and two commissioned officers thirty days' leave of absence from

a regiment. Naturally about all the officers would take advantage of this permit, which was the case in the 33rd. The two fortunates happened to be our Major and Adjutant. On the evening before the departure for our homes in Boston, we had a merry-go-round, that is, a dance down in the basement of our headquarters, our band furnishing the music. It proved a gay old time, which kept up into the small hours. The next morning a happy trio could be seen with about ten others of the 33rd boarding the train for Chattanooga. The writer was to meet "Carrie," his beloved wife, once more, with some three weeks stay. So much for good conduct again.

Back to the Regiment.

After an enjoyable visit home, during the thirty days change of venue from camp life, our Major A. W. Tibbetts and the Adjutant buckled on their regimentals and reported for duty at headquarters of the 33rd Massachusetts in Atlanta, prepared to renew the strife again with a more sanguine and hopeful outlook, believing this Civil War would now be of short duration and peace near at hand.

Secret Plans.

Gen. Sherman issued orders to the people of Atlanta that those who wished to take advantage of the free transportation by rail furnished its citizens to any point outside of the city, previous to Sherman's army leaving Atlanta, should now take advantage of it, as preparations were already in progress for an early forward movement towards Savannah on the Atlantic Coast. Quite a little army of convalescents were arriving daily to report to their respective regiments. Most of these had been "Absent sick" at Nashville and other hospitals, but now were considered fit for duty, and the 33rd Massachusetts came in for its share of recruits. Our ranks were filled considerably, this being the only opportunity for our absent ones reaching us, as Gen. Sherman planned to cut loose from all railroads upon leaving the city. During this sudden activity here, our Col. Elisha Doane received a hasty summons from Gen. Sherman to appear

at his headquarters to talk over matters in secret pertaining to the closing scenes of Atlanta. He had decided to fire the business portion of the city, saving only the Court House, churches, hotels and Masonic Temple, and sparing its private dwellings. Our Colonel was not to divulge to any one Sherman's plans. Col. Doane returning on the gallop to camp, called me out, saying, "Have your horse saddled and come with me." As we walked our horses slowly towards town, my Colonel took me into the confidence of Sherman and himself, telling me as we rode along of his consultation with Gen. Sherman and what was expected of me. With my pocket sketch book in hand, I drew a plan of Atlanta, branching off from the Court House its streets, marking in heavy lines the buildings to be burned, including the business district, the jail, slave pens, and other public buildings, also the depot, with all its rolling stock.

A Night Spectacle.

Fortunately when leaving home for the seat of war, I took along my sketch book and made good use of it when on the march in Virginia. My training after leaving school following civil engineering, surveying and draughting, brought me to the front many times during the war. I might here mention an instance which happened after the 33rd joined the Eleventh Corps. A General high up sent a detail to our Colonel Maggi asking for me to report for duty as engineer on his staff. Our Colonel sent back word, "Couldn't be spared." With my handy knowledge of plan-drawing, it required but little time to return to camp and using a large sheet of Government blank forms, drew a plan of the district to be fired, which was submitted to Gen. Sherman for use when the proper time came to use the torch, which was early in the evening of the day before the time being fixed upon for movement of his army. The torch was lit to carry out Sherman's pet plan to burn and destroy a portion of Atlanta as an object lesson to remind the South of the utter hopelessness of prolonging the struggle. It was on this night that Quartermaster Walker and myself hurried to the scene to witness the fireworks then raging and secured a box seat on top of the Court House

roof to enable us to get a good view of the show. Suddenly a shell whizzed by over our heads, then another and another, shells flying in every direction until it got too hot. We made a hasty retreat to the street and to camp, satisfied with our evening's entertainment, which reminded us of that artillery duel at Gettysburg, July 3, '63. It was afterwards learned the shell explosions were caused by fire reaching an ammunition train near the depot and yards which were fired. Gen. Sherman and his army was already on the move, and early that next morning the 2nd Massachusetts, which was on provost duty in Atlanta, also left, and the 33rd Massachusetts was the last rgeiment to leave the doomed city, it being about noon when we joined the column acting as rear guard to Sherman's wagon train. Upon the army leaving Atlanta, Sherman wired Washington authorities, saying goodbye to the outer world, until he reached the Atlantic shores, when his signal rockets at night would notify them of his whereabouts, making Savannah his base of supply. While on the march, the army looked for little trouble and took it easy tramping for days and weeks without interruption and no fighting, save an occasional clash between the Union and Rebel cavalry, which was of little consequence.

Savannah.

Gen. Sherman appeared to have had the right of way to Atlanta, and now to the sea, with no opposition. After continuing a long and uneventful march, our army reached within striking distance of Savannah just before Christmas, '64, enjoying what our boys called a "picnic," as our corps, the 20th, here struck the Pike road, running north and south between Charleston, South Carolina, and Savannah, and were amazed at the wonderful growth of large trees that lined both sides of the pike, the Georgia pine, the live oak, and palm tree. This was a grand sight and new to us all. At this point the 33rd Massachusetts was ordered to turn off into a belt of woods east of the pike, which brought us unexpectedly face to face again with the "Lost Tribe of Israel," the "Johnnies," lined up behind their fortifications just outside of Savannah, a large open field being between

our lines, some five hundred to eight hundred feet across.

This being about December 20, 1864. Not a shot was fired by either side. We just remained there in status quo watching each other with a jealous eye waiting for some overt act.

I Became a Captain.

After a day or two some of our boys discovered a rice mill near by, and as our rations were getting low, Col. Doane directed a squad of men be detailed to forage around this mill where was found quantities of rice stored. Our boys soon caught on setting the fan to work cleaning and fanning the rice of its culls, which proved a daily occupation for the 33rd, taking turns about, and adding to our daily bill of fare, a luxury not looked for, boiled rice with brown sugar as a dessert. Here our rebel neighbors soon found out what those "Yankees" were up to, and sent their solid shot in direction of the mill much to the annoyance of our men, but the shots generally went wide of the mark and our boys soon got used to this fanning work. As Sherman reached the Atlantic his red lights brought him in touch with our warships. Fort McAllister was taken and a junction formed between our land and naval forces, thereby opening up a base of supplies. after our cutting loose from Atlanta; all mail destined for Sherman's army was held up at Fortress Monroe awaiting his new base. This brought a ponderous mail of about two months' collection which was taken from our warships and distributed among the various regiments of his army, the 33rd Massachusetts coming in for their share. I received many letters from home, including one from Gov. John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, enclosing a commission dated November 3, 1864, promoting me to a Captaincy of my regiment, making my fourth promotion. Included in this mail from home was received some dozen Boston daily papers, giving a glorious account of the November election (1864) electing President Lincoln for his second term with overwhelming majority. These papers printed in large type how the northern states went—New York, one hundred thousand majority Pennsylvania, eighty thousand; Massachusetts, sixty thousand; Ohio, seventy thousand, and all other states with equally

heavy results, giving Gen. McClellan, the Democratic candidate, an inglorious defeat. When considering that at the breaking out of the war (1861) the population of the North and South combined, men, women and children, was less than fifty million, and over a million men in our army not voting, but fighting for the preservation of our Union, the result of this election was surprising.

Johnston Must Surrender.

Early the next morning after receiving that huge mail, Gen. Sherman's chief of staff, a Colonel in rank, accompanied by his orderly, dropped into our camp informing Col. Doane that Gen. Sherman sent a written demand for surrender of Johnston's army and the city of Savannah, giving Gen. Johnston twenty-four hours to reply. Following this the chief of staff came to my tent and amused himself by looking over my Boston papers with the glowing account of the election, and advising me to write on these papers, "That's the way the election goes in the North," and bring them along to the city. Doing so, and rolling a bunch up under my arm, I followed. The signal being given, the chief of staff and his orderly carrying a white flag of truce tied to a stick, the escort including Col. Doane, Major Tibbetts and Adjutant of the 33rd, we sauntered down the railroad track which ran through our camp and running into Savannah. Upon reaching about midway between the two opposing lines we halted. It being all open and no timber, it wasn't long before the "Johnnies" heads began bobbing up over their works, taking in the scene. Presently three rebel officers came down the railroad and halted. each side exchanging salutes. The spokesman of this rebel trio I sized up as being Johnston's chief of artillery, ranking as Major, which his shoulder-straps and the red trimmings on his uniform indicated. Sherman's chief of staff, the Colonel, opened the conversation by handing this Major of artillery a written document from Sherman demanding Johnston's surrender in twenty-four hours. After going through the preliminaries, topics turned to things in general, the ice now being broken. Our Major Tibbetts produced his canteen of "commissary" which

hung over his shoulder and in a social way passed the canteen to our new formed acquaintances who were not at all backward in coming forward, and drank to our good health; we in turn drinking to theirs. At this point I handed my bunch of Boston papers to the rebel Major, remarking, he was welcome to them, and possibly might derive some comfort in perusing them. Thanking me in return he replied, "Will look them over."

"Just Like a Rebel."

This chief of artillery, turning to Col. Doane, said, "That's a fine band you have; we enjoy its music in the evening very much." Our Colonel replied by saying, "Yes, we're very proud of our band and will furnish you more music, only promise you won't point your heavy guns into our camp if we do." Another round from the canteen was indulged in, and we parted, exchanging salutes again. Sherman's chief of staff left for his headquarters, and we turned into the timber for the 33rd camp. Our cook had already prepared the noon meal, which was waiting for us. We sat down on the sandy soil, our legs crossed, tailor fashion, and while eating our lunch all of a sudden, bang! came a report from one of our enemy's guns, whiz! flew a solid shot burying itself in the ground within twenty feet of us, and dashing the sand in our faces and dinner plates. We looked at our Colonel, whose face was white with rage. He cursed that rebel Major with some pretty strong language, finally saying "that's just like a rebel," upon which we all joined in a hearty laugh, concluding it was intended for a parting joke. The remainder of the day passed off quietly. After recovering from our scare, we wondered what the morrow would bring forth, a battle or a stampede of the enemy. We were not kept in suspense long, for early that next mroning, December 30, 1864, Sherman's chief of staff called around to inform us that Savannah was evacuated during the night and that Johnston's army had skedaddled and everything was serene. Col. Doane was instructed to move his command into the city. The 33rd Massachusetts soon broke camp, started down the railroad track with the band in the lead

and flags flying, entered the city without the cost of any lives. Another bloodless victory for our side.

Arctic Temperature in Savannah.

Our regiment formed camp again, lined up their shelter tents and made themselves comfortable. We took possession of an empty cottage as usual for our headquarters. Our present camp not being over three Chicago blocks from the one we had just left. The weather was getting extremely cold for this part of the country, causing our pioneers to chop down large trees and build log fires outside to stand around and keep warm. New Year's, 1865, was ushered in by a record breaking temperature, it being the coldest ever known in these parts, as citizens informed us. That night Israel Smith, the leader, and his band came out in front, as was their custom, to give us some music, and they tried their best without avail, for the discord they made was distressing, and the band was unable to play. As Smith said, the extreme clod caused their breath to freeze in the instruments, and our band retired much to the disappointment of the regiment, especially because it was New Year's night.

Who Fired Columbia?

We remained here some days inactive, waiting for marching orders. Gen. Sherman apparently was in no hurry to follow up Johnston in his flight, and it was equally true that our foes wanted to avoid a conflict, feeling themselves that the jig was up, and that lives should be spared for the home-going, as the dawn of peace could be seen in the distant horizon. Our idleness was soon broken, much to our relief, as our corps, the 20th, had hurried orders to fill their haversacks with rations and cartridge boxes with sixty rounds, and prepare for a long march, this time northward, as Savannah was near the state line of South Carolina.

At the appointed time, Gen. Slocum, at the head of our corps, marched through the city, down to its water's edge, then turning left struck a shore road that led us to the pike road running north into South Carolina. There being no enemy in sight

to dispute our advance, we continued on uninterrupted, our army finally halting when we reached the vicinity of Columbia, S. C., here to rest up several days. The night after our arrival, we were awakened at sight of Columbia in flames. Our Corps having bivouaced a mile distant. We had a good view of the burning city, which all had so much admired the day before. Upon inquiry it was learned that no blame could be attached to Gen. Sherman, it not being on the program, therefore, not chargeable to him, but the work of some mischievous fellows in our army who wanted to see everything burn in rebeldom, feeling as the South brought on this war, they should reap its disaster ten fold. Only a portion of the city was destroyed.

Forage.

Again our army moved out in direction of North Carolina with no fears of the enemy or long roll calls at night, our slumber undisturbed we continued on the march for several weeks, not knowing where Johnston's army was, but probably Gen. Sherman knew. Our boys cared little for they did know, however, that every day's march brought them nearer and nearer to their loved ones at home. It was this new thought that gave them comfort and light hearts during the remainder of their service. Our regiment sometimes lived pretty high at the expense of the so-called "Southern Confederacy." Our foragers bringing into camp at night sweet potatoes, chickens, hams, side bacon, sometimes jellies, syrup and once a roast turkey, pan and all, just as it came out of the oven. This was in Georgia. It was not so uncommon for them on return to camp to bring a four-wheeled wagon hitched to a mule, loaded with sweet potatoes and chickens fastened to their gun barrels. Another time a pair of mules hauling a wagon loaded with commissary supplies taken from our Southern neighbors, came to camp and the mules afterwards were unloosed and allowed to wander where they liked. On one occasion our foragers kindly remembered me by bringing to camp a fine saddle horse, but that only evened up the loss of my best horse in the Georgia campaign, which I paid our Government $125.00 for. No ill treatment

was allowed or practiced by our boys, as the officers in charge of the foragers had strict orders. They would probably be called now-a-days "gentlemen hold-ups."

Sherman's Bummers.

Our army rightfully earned the name of "Sherman's Bummers" subsisting as they did upon the country, on their march to the sea, and sometimes burning and destroying railroads through the very heart of the so-called "Confederacy" States of Georgia and North and South Carolinas. They helped more than anything else to bring the war to a speedy end, for while Grant was pounding at the gates of Richmond, Va., Sherman was destroying and threatening Lee's rear. This strategy of Sherman's was felt throughout the South and did much to cripple their resources. It was an easy matter to destroy a long line of railroad when on the march. Our army divided into two columns, right and left wings, the "20th Corps," constituting the "Left." Fifty miles of railroad was an easy task for a day or night's march, each column moving on diverging roads.

A halt is made either at noon or at night just as the two columns possibly may stretch out fifty miles, every regiment performing their allotted work without closing up—the poineers with picks loosening up the rails, the wooden sleepers are piled up cross ways about four feet high and these piles some ten feet apart. A fire is started under them, the rails are carried to each heap, the center of each rail is laid over the burning timber. As their centers become red hot and warped by heat, they are doubled up, forming the shape of a letter "U" and of no practical use thereafter.

Contraband of War.

Anything and everything was contraband that was needed in war times, food, cattle or horses was as much contraband as was guns or ammunition. As an illustration, will cite an instance that happened soon after breaking out of the rebellion in 1861, when Lincoln issued his call for troops of "ninety-day men." Our Major-General, B. F. Butler of Massachusetts and

noted lawyer of Boston, was called to Washington and ordered to proceed with some Massachusetts troops and take command of "Fortress Monroe," Butler taking this view, encouraged and took all negro slaves hovering around the camps, set them to work, fed and clothed them, in the army blue and made them free men. This logical interpretation by Gen. Butler that the Southern slave in time of our Civil War was contraband, created a sensation in the North and was accepted and approved at Washington, while at the same time the South were disquieted and apprehensive, fearing a stampede of the blacks, when our armies reached their borders. This did happen in Georgia in Sherman's march to the sea.

A Sharp Engagement.

Having diverged from war-like scenes to give my readers some idea as to how a war is conducted, aside from the killing of man and effusion of blood, we again meet the enemy, this time in the latter part of March, 1865, near Aversboro, N. C., when our corps, the 20th, under the command of Gen. Slocum, struck the rear column of Johnston's army in force the first time since leaving Savannah, our brigade, the 3rd of the 3rd division, becoming hotly engaged. It was a short fight, starting in the forenoon and lasting until dark. Late that afternoon, hurried orders reached our Colonel that the 33rd had expended all their ammunition, causing a lull at the front. A detail of men was at once sent to rear in pursuit of the ammunition train which furnished them with new supplies of cartridges and the 33rd renewed the fight. By the setting of the sun, no enemy was in sight. In this short engagement Maj. Tibbetts of the 33rd immortalized his name, by bringing to the rear quite a few prisoners also bearing in his hand a battle flag he captured from an Alabama regiment with its Stars and Bars, instead of the Stars and Stripes. Maj. Tibbetts handed Col. Doane the Alabama colors, remarking, "Send this to Gov. Andrews of Massachusetts as a trophy from the 33rd." This unlooked-for event pleased Col. Doane and he treasured the battle flag in safe keeping until our army reached a convenient point for shipment to Boston, Mass.

Our loss sustained in this engagement was small. The next morning we resumed our march northward in pursuit of Johnston's demoralized army. After following them over a week we again overtook them near Bentonville, N. C., late in the afternoon when our brigade turned off the Pike Road into a grove of timber. Ours was the last brigade and the 33rd was the last regiment, which brought us on the extreme left of the line of battle. As we entered the timber we were amazed to find it ablaze. It required quick action under these conditions, and the 33rd Massachusetts double-quicked through the burning woods until it reached its division, the 3rd of the 20th Corps, which was charging upon the enemy. After driving them some distance, both sides halted and a sharp musketry fire ensued until just before dusk. A cold rain storm set in, but even this failed to dampen our spirits and the conflict went on late into the night, although our enemy had rifle pits already thrown up, ready to drop into, which gave them the advantage. After a while the firing subsided on both sides.

Groping in the Dark—A Fallen Comrade.

It must have been about 9 p. m. when Col. Doane ordered me to go back in the rear and search for our brigade commander and inform him of the necessity of changing our front, as the darkness of night prevented us from distinguishing friend from foe, and our lines were very close to the enemy's and we could plainy hear the "Johnny Rebs" talking in their trenches. I made no reply, but started at once, realizing the situation and the extreme darkness of night in that belt of timber. One could easily get turned around, not knowing the points of the compass at such a time. Grave doubts took possession of me as I wandered back over the ground we had fought upon that very day. With cautious step and feeling my way for fear of stumbling upon a lifeless form or wounded comrade whose moans I frequently heard, it was anything but a comfortable task to accomplish. I must have gone a good distance when I heard "Adjutant" spoken in a weak and feeble voice; suddenly stopping I bent down over the dying form of one whose Irish brogue

I recognized as Patrick Harrington of my old Company "C" which I formerly commanded. I saw that he was far gone, and felt that relief would come to him soon; taking a handkerchief, I tied it round tightly where his life blood was ebbing fast, I pressed his hand and stroked his brow and left him. It must have been the jingle of my Mexican spurs on the heels of my boots, the ringing of which told my dying comrade it was his Adjutant. No other way could one distinguish me in the darkness.

Continuing, I finally reached the Pike Road we left, upon entering this burning woods. Not a footman or horseman was to be seen, no signs of anybody. Past experience had taught me that brigade commanders looked out for their comfort and kept a respectful distance to the rear in time of action. If any orders were to be promulgated, usually the General sends one of his staff officers, either a Captain or Lieutenant, with some verbal message. No reflections to be cast upon Corps or Division commanders; they know for themselves what is going on. Hooker who was severely wounded and carried off the field on a stretcher at Antietam, for instance, Howard who lost an arm at Fair Oakes, Va., in '61; Sickles who lost a leg at Gettysburg, and Gen. Barlow, commanding a division and nearly cut to pieces at Gettysburg, Gen. Reynolds who lost his life in the same battle and many, many others are examples of the valor of these officers; Generals high up, who have given up their lives in the thickest of the fight. After a vain search, I retraced my steps back to the front in a meditative mood, tired and disheartened, chilled with cold and hungry, not having eaten anything since that morning. It took me about an hour and a half to make the rounds. After relating my experience to the Colonel he said, if I had come a little sooner I might have enjoyed some hot coffee, the Company cooks passed around: that was cold comfort for me. It was just waiting for morning to come, sleep was out of the question; but at break of day we peered over towards our enemy's rifle pits only to discover they had stolen a march on us in the night and left. It was then we noticed their line of rifle pits run in oblique direction and zig-zag like, causing their extreme right

ot line to face our extreme left, the 33rd Massachusetts, which was at right angles from the roadside; thus bringing the two lines of battle so near each other that they almost met, near enough almost to match pennies. No wonder our boys heard them talking in their trenches. In this engagement our brigade suffered quite heavily, the 33rd sharing in the loss.

A Ghastly Sight.

I can't refrain from paying tribute to the memory of Patrick Harrington, who, leaving his native soil and coming to America as an adopted son, swearing allegiance to the United States, supporting the Union in time of peril, died a martyr, fighting for the Stars and Stripes. What more could one ask, no general high in rank could attain more. Harrington once told his comrades should anything ever happen to the Adjutant, he would pick him up and carry him off the field on his shoulders. This information was given me afterwards. After caring for our fallen comrades, and providing ambulances to convey our wounded on the march, our brigade pulled out on the Pike Road in direction of Raleigh, N. C. As the 33rd left the timber to join its Corps on the road, we went but short distance, when we noticed a poor, dead soldier on the road side, his head and shoulders inclining on the rise of ground by the timber. Leaving my regiment I rode my horse close up to him to get a view, and saw by his homespun gray uniform he was an enemy. The lower part of his face from nose down was shot away, his mouth, tongue, upper and lower jaw and throat gone. As I bent over my horse to get still closer, I discovered all that was left was the back of his neck, the inside of which was exposed showing the windpipes extending from the head down into the lungs. His eyes were open and set, and that part of the face that was left had already turned green and black. It was a ghastly sight to behold. Doubtless he was left there expecting some near neighbor would give him a common burial.

President Lincoln Assassinated.

Our journey on this day was short and at night we biv-

ouaced near the Pike Road feeling the need of rest and sleep. The next morning the 20th Corps resumed its march with no enemy to dispute our right of way. Reaching Raleigh, the State Captial of North Carolina, about April 15, 1865. The 33rd Massachusetts went into camp in an open field just inside the city on the main road. Gen. Sherman arriving ahead of our Corps, and occupying for his headquarters Gov. Vance's mansion on the main square, facing the Capital grounds. Again the 33rd was sighted out for guard duty, this time guarding the building and grounds of the Insane Asylum, which occupied a square and was inclosed by a high iron fence, the building being a large four-story brick with nice attractive grounds. Simultaneous, almost upon the arrival of Sherman's army here came the rejoicing news of surrender of Lee and his army to Gen. Grant on April 9, 1865. Our boys just went wild over this sudden change, they now knew the war was over, and they would soon be going home. But immediately following this exulting news came the startling news, the assassination of President Lincoln and his death. The announcement of which brought gloom and sadness of heart to the soldiers. It was like a day of mourning in the camps of the army to see them sitting in groups, with long solemn faces discussing the sudden events. President Lincoln was the acknowledged friend of the rank and file of our army, and the soldiers knew it. If any soldier had an imaginary wrong, chargeable to his superior officer, the President would straighten it out.

If a private asked for a furlough to go home and be at the bedside of a dying father or mother or wife, and the General commanding returned the document disapproved, the private would forward the same to Lincoln, and it would come back indorsed approved and respectfully forwarded through the regular channels, signed A. Lincoln. These are just instances which show the kindheartedness of President Lincoln. By the surrender of Lee and his army of Virginia to Grant, April 9, 1865, it was conceded the war was virtually ended, consequently there was no movement of troops in the vicinity of Raleigh,

N. C. Sherman and Johnson being in communication, the latter seeking terms of surrender from Sherman.

Lee Surrenders.

Gen. Robt. Lee surrendered on the following terms, dictated by Gen. U. S. Grant:—that Lee and his army would never again take up arms against the U. S. Government; to surrender all arms and accountrements by stacking their muskets where they stood, and return to their homes with permission to keep their side arms (swords). Grant at this time refusing to accept the sword of Lee when proffered.

The writer would here call attention to the date of surrender, April 9, 1865, it lacking three days of being a four-year war. April 12, 1861, being the date when the first Rebel shot was fired at Charleston Harbor, S. C., upon the Stars and Stripes floating over Fort Sumter. This was the signal for a "Call to arms" by the South and the beginning of hostilities.

An old grudge between Sherman and the Secretary of War Halleck caused a hitch which delayed the final settlement.

A Banquet.

During this waiting spell Gen. Sherman's chief of staff called around to headquarters of the 33rd Massachusetts, saying that Gen. Sherman requested the presence of the Field and Staff of the 33rd that evening and our band at Gov. Vance's Mansion. In compliance with which Col. Doane, Maj. Tibbetts, Quartermaster Walker, Sergt. Hastings and the Adjutant started afoot, our band following in their ambulance. We were received very cordially, our band remaining outside playing some select music. Gen. Sherman was quite free to talk and went over the whole ground with us, relating his experience with the Secretary of War. We spent an enjoyable evening. A few days after this event came the joyful news, "The blockade was raised" as Washington authorities with advice of Gen. Grant finally consented to Gen. Sherman carrying out his deal with Johnston, by the laying down of their arms and his army dispersing to their homes. This having been carried out and Johnston's

army gone back to the hearthstones they had left four years before. Sherman's army remained, while preparing for shipment to some near point all the arms and munitions of war delivered up by our enemy. Sherman's army then moved out after a long rest, started northward towards Virginia in high spirits with no more forced marches before them. Our army took things easy, and in gleeful mood by singing on the march, old war songs: "John Brown's Body Lies Mouldering in the Grave," "We'll Never Retreat Any More, Boys," and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again."

Carry Me Back to Old Virginia.

Israel Smith, leader of the 33rd band, was on the alert, watching for the Stone Mile Post to know just when our regiment reached the State line of North Carolina and Virginia, and upon crossing this line our band struck up that old-time song, "Oh, Carry Me Back to Old Virginia—To Old Virginia Shores." How our boys yelled and cheered to be getting back again to our old stamping grounds once more, where we had met and clashed with Lee's army. When arriving within twenty-five miles of Richmond, Va., Sherman's army halted and went into camp to allow Grant's army to get out of reach of Sherman's, thus preventing a congestion of troops, artillery and wagon trains on the roads leading to Washington. While here, our army received orders from the War Department, requiring all officers to wear crepe on their left arm and the handle of swords, and all flags to be draped, out of respect to the memory and death of our martyred President.

A Quest for Crepe.

In compliance, all regiments had to furnish their own crepe, and where was it to be got? Possibly at Richmond, twenty-five miles away. Following out this cue, Quartermaster Walker and the Adjutant were delegated to undertake the job and arranged to have their horses saddled and ready to start at sunrise the next morning. The weather was favorable, and mounting our steeds, putting spur to them, we started on a

"Paul Revere" ride at breakneck speed on an unknown path to reach the city of Richmond, we had heard so much about. Reaching it early in the forenoon, leaving our horses at a livery, we started in pursuit of black crepe. Upon inquiry, we were directed to a back street, a two-story frame house on the top floor, reached by a rickety outside stairway, and in the window a sign saying "Parlor Millinery." Walking in, we met a woman of prepossessing appearance, whose attractiveness we rather liked. Informing her of our errand, she produced the necessary article and we bought all she had, to her astonishment. This off our hands, we went and engaged dinner for two and in the meanwhile improved our spare time by taking in the town. Seeing the lofty Rebel Capitol Building situated in Capital Square, we sought its entrance, and after going through the Assembly room and Senate chamber, sought entrance to the roof in order to obtain a good view. By reaching the outside and climbing up its slanting roof, we managed to reach the top by straddling the ridge pole and here waving our caps in our hands, gave three cheers for our Union. Looking down on the main street, passersby were looking up at us, thinking if not saying, "Some of those drunken hirelings of Lincoln's!" Not so—all bars and saloons were closed down tight, our boys in blue kept them so—and our provost guards protected their city.

Libby Prison.

It now being the noon hour, we sought the Spottsylvania Hotel for dinner, the Quartermaster and Adjutant being dressed in their best on this occasion, according to army regulations, wearing their tight fitting coats buttoned up to the chin with gold shoulder straps, indicating their rank, field glasses hanging down their backs, revolvers in holsters over the right hip, wearing a red silk sash wound twice around the waist, their yellow gauntlet gloves reaching to the elbows, long legged boots reaching to the knees, with those Mexican spurs that dingle at every step—you have the picture of the Adjutant and Quartermaster, as they entered the dining hall of the Spottsylvania. This scene appeared to attract the many women diners seated at their

family tables and with riveted eyes they doubtless wondered if "Yankeedom" had broken loose. Our dinner was far better than expected at such a time, reminding us of an old New England dinner; boiled lamb with caper sauce, with an array of side dishes. Having done justice to this spread, we went down to the office and willingly paid our dollar each. After lighting our cigars we started out in pursuit of some new diversion. Going a block or two we came in sight of that old historic spot, "Libby Prison," where so many of our soldiers have been housed and kept in close confinement during our war. It was situated at the corner of the Main Street and a cross street. The back ran into the River James, whose banks served as an open yard for the prisoners. As we entered, were surprised to see two soldiers of the 2nd Massachusetts on guard, they recognized us and passed us in. It was this regiment that performed guard duty with the 33rd in the City of Atlanta, Ga.

"Libby Prison" was a three-story brick and basement, owned by Libby Bros., and formerly a tobacco house used for the selling and drying of tobacco in the natural leaf. The inside walls were unfinished, just brick walls, but whitewashed, not divided into rooms, simply lofts reaching from front to rear. We spent some time in reading the signatures and addresses of the prisoners giving their regiment and State on every floor. These whitewashed walls were literally covered with names of Union prisoners; it was a sight to behold. We failed to recognize any, however; "Libby Prison" was sold at auction just before our World's Fair in Chicago, taken down brick by brick, brought to Chicago and reproduced on Wabash Avenue near 16th Street, just as it looked. My friend, Col. Shepherd, who was a resident of that city after our war, and was present at this sale, stole one of the bricks, took it home with him, painted it in gold leaf, painted my name upon it and expressed it to me, care of Gage Bros. & Co., Chicago. This was a war relic I always prized, but life being uncertain with me, I gracefully parted with it by leaving it in trust with my worthy friend, Mr. J. H. Weddell.

The afternoon wearing along we called for our horses, not

forgetting the crepe, and started for home, reaching camp satisfied with our day's outing and fifty-mile ride to our credit.

Homeward Bound.

In accordance to orders received, Sherman's army was to move out at once, destined this time for Washington, distance about one hundred twenty-five miles, but to be reached with easy stretches. Haversacks to be well filled with rations and all foraging strictly prohibited, there being no mention of sixty rounds in cartridge box now, as there was no enemy to obstruct our path. The 33rd was delighted at this news, expecting to reach the Potomac in about ten days. The weather was favorable with good roads and nothing to interfere with our progress, as the army of Potomac was far in advance. Upon arriving in vicinity of Richmond Sherman's army flanked the city on its right purposely, to avoid our troops passing through. From this point a stretch of fifty miles brought us in sight of Fredericksburg. When reaching the Rappahannock River we were getting into a country that revives old scenes to the 20th Corps, formerly the 11th and 12th Corps, the 33rd Massachusetts included. Off to our right loomed up Fredericksburg in the distance with its "Marie's Heights" which Burnside in the Fall of 1862 stormed but failed to capture at a great sacrifice of men. Now we cross that plank road where stands the Tavern, an old landmark, which Hooker used for headquarters, May 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 1863, at the battle of Chancellorsville, also known as "wilderness fight." It was here that Rebel Gen. Stonewall Jackson fell in that night attack leading his men, and at this point Gen. Sickles, chief of staff to Hooker, saved the day in that night attack by bringing up his old Corps, the 5th and the 33rd Massachusetts, in support of the 1st Massachusetts, Col. Cowden's regiment, on that Plank Road. And now we cross the Rappahannock on pontoons just back of the old Tavern with another stretch of fifty miles to the Potomac. Seldom a day passes but we tramp over a battle ground of previous years. New Hope Church, Dumfrey's, Germantown, Cattlet Station, Bristow Station, Manassas Junction, Bull Run, Centerville and Chantilly, on all of which war had left its mark.

The Grand Review.

Upon Sherman's army reaching the Potomac, a halt was made for a few days, and about the 1st of June, 1865, our army crossed the river by way of Georgetown, the 20th Corps going into camp about a mile north of the Capital grounds at Washington, the 33rd regiment forming regular camp by pitching their tents in a nice grove by the side of the Baltimore Pike Road. Special order was here passed round that two reviews would be held in Washington, intended as the closing scene of our Civil War and that the survivors might have the honor of participating in the parade which was to march the entire length of Pennsylvania Avenue, starting from the Captial and ending at the White House, the latter being the reviewing stand, where Vice President Johnson, Grant and Sherman were to review the armies for the last time. The first day was arranged for review of the army of the Potomac to be followed the next day by the review of Sherman's army. This action required the 33rd to get in readiness for the occasion. Hair cutting was the order of the day, the brightening of their Springfield rifles also received attention and white cotton gloves and paper collars were procured, as our boys always lived up to army regulations.

We were favored with ideal weather, bright and warm, for the reviews. Washington was overrun with people and hotels crowded beyond limit for this great event. The day assigned for Sherman's army, our Corps, the 20th, took position in Market Square, a large vacant lot on the east side of Pennsylvania Avenue, reserved for use on market days for farmers to sell their products, an old custom that has been followed for years. It was on this ground the 20th Corps formed closed column by division in Massachusetts, and here awaited for alignment in the parade, the 1st, 2nd and 3rd brigades of the 1st division pulled out into line, followed by the three brigades of the 2nd division and these followed by three brigades of the 3rd division, in all thirty-six regiments of Infantry which constitutes an army corps. As the 33rd Massachusetts stood there in Market Square awaiting its turn, it gave us a good opportunity to witness a portion of the

parade, Gen. Custer's Cavalry in the lead. A notable feature that attracted attention being the red neck scarfs presented by Mrs. Custer to every man of her husband's command, and as Custer's Cavalry at a gentle trot came down Pennsylvania Avenue, the effect was great, as one saw those red scarfs flutter to the breeze over the left shoulder of each horseman.

Following the Cavalry came the Infantry regiments of Sherman's army and following the Infantry came the Artillery, this being the military line-up of all parades. The ambulance corps bringing up in the rear. To an eye-witness it was a grand sight, never to be forgotten, as one looked upon those returned veterans of many battles marching by with their quick, elastic step, their bronze, weather beaten faces and sharp features, bespeaking hard service, their appearance bringing applause from the crowds and many a hat was lifted, out of respect to those marching volunteers representing all Union States. All saluted as they passed by the White House, the home of Lincoln; what more befitting tribute to the memory of our martyred President at the close of our war.

Having Our Pictures Taken.

After the parade was dismissed the Field and Staff of the 33rd Massachusetts went to Brady's Gallery, a war photographer, and posed for our pictures in groups which were framed and expressed to Boston and preserved to this day, a relic of fifty years ago. (See illustration, page 17).

The morning of June 11, 1865, found the 33rd lined up along the side of the railroad track in waiting for the train that would take them home by way of New York City, having been mustered out of the U. S. Service by a mustering officer that day.

To Philadelphia.

After our horses and baggage wagons were put aboard freight cars our regiment boarded the special train leaving late that afternoon, and reached Philadelphia the next morning. Here the 33rd left this train, marched down Main Street, passing "Independence Hall" and took another train at the other end of the city, which brought the 33rd into New York towards

evening of the same day. As our regiment turned into Broadway, the band struck up a quick-step that drew attention. Being horseless, the Colonel and myself took the lead afoot, when a reporter of some paper caught up, taking the step, joined us at the same time inquiring about our regiment. I gave a brief history of the 33rd and its part in the struggle, ending up with the statement that our regiment was engaged in many of the principal battles of the war and had ended a complete circuit of the "Southern Confederacy" with "Sherman's march to the sea," capping the climax. Here the reporter thanked us and left, probably feeling he had a good article for his next morning's paper. Upon reaching the foot of Broadway, its terminus, we were conducted into Castle Garden bordering on New York Harbor and partook of a nice spread at the expense of the city. Early that evening the 33rd embarked on a Sound Steamer destined for Stonington on Long Island Sound which gave the regiment a good night's rest in sleeping berths. Early the next morning after disembarking we found a train in waiting that took us by way of Providence road bringing the 33rd about 10 o'clock that morning to Boston. Arriving at the Old Providence Depot on Pleasant Street, same depot the regiment departed from, August 14, 1862, for the front.

The Last Banquet.

Here we found our horses all saddled and in waiting and the Field and Staff then mounted. We formed regimental line with a platoon of police as escort and the parade marched off, headed for Fanueil Hall, the "Old Cradle of Liberty," marching past the Common Square and along Washington Street, then turning into State Street, and we soon turned again into Merchant's Row. At this corner quite a crowd had gathered, attracted by our band playing that old tune, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and foremost in the crowd, to my great surprise, I saw my old school master, Chas. E. Valentine, principal of the Quincy School, eying me as I rode by, at the side of our Colonel at the head of the 33rd. His features did not betray him. If I read them rightly, much as to say, "Glad to

see you back from war." Marching another block we reached the "Old Cradle of Liberty," corner of Market Street, known as such during the Revolutionary times and used for public meetings, war, political and indignation meetings, built nearly a century and a half ago. Here the massive doors swung open at Fanueil Hall and the 33rd with muskets trailed passed through and marched up the broad stairway to the second floor and entered the hall, the band still playing on the outside.

The interior of the hall reminded one of an Ancient Church with its high back pews, all cushioned. The high pulpit served as a stage. On the long sofa and arm chairs sat the Field and Staff listening to speeches of welcome, responded to by others, after which our boys partook of a sumptuous spread, our band playing appropriate music.

This scene was an impressive contrast to us all, who had passed through the war, and shared its hardships. It was a consoling thought that we had reached the end and were through with it. Here the bugler sounded the assembly outside, upon which our regiment soon formed line, retraced our steps back to Boston Common at the Military Parade Ground on Charles Street Mall, where the 33rd Massachusetts formed a regimental front, broke ranks and disbanded, many of them never to meet again.

Respectfully dedicated to Gage Brothers & Company from their old War Veteran, Caleb Blood, Capt. and Adjt. 33rd Massachusetts, Vol. Inf'y, '15.

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